

Sports Illustrated

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VOLVO



Volvo 164—\$4850*



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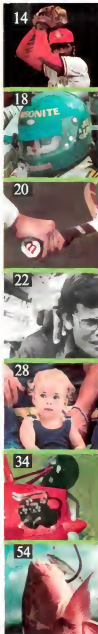
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REGGAE AND HUMMING. Cincinnati's Big Red Machine is threatening to bite the National League West. William Leggett reports on the Reds' pennant romp-in-the-making.

THE EYES OF TEXAS are beaming over the Dallas Cowboys' dazzling—and richly functional—new showplace. John G. Zimmerman's color camera goes deep into its heart.

THE BETTER HALF can wind up second best if the man of the house is off playing for a living. A searching look at the wives of several professional athletes by Jeanette Bruce.

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 Snyder Jr., Charles. 1944. Richard Cohen, Chicago. Wilson.
 FULTON, Constance. 1944. Schaeffer, Oregon.
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



ARNOLD PALMER COPING WITH CORP

We welcome back in this issue a by-line not seen in SI for some time. With his piece on golf's National Team Championship (page 22), Myron Cope makes his first appearance in these pages since the same event last year. His protracted absence was nothing planned. Cope simply has been increasingly busy with a broadcasting career that keeps pushing out other things.

To fully appreciate his happy predicament, it is necessary to understand the peculiar nature of Cope's turf, western Pennsylvania. It is a kind of Ruhr Valley of American sport, having produced such superstars as Stan Musial, Arnold Palmer and Joe Namath. Thus, a sports broadcaster in a place like WTAE in Pittsburgh operates with a fairly high profile. Cope especially.

His beginnings as a broadcaster were inauspicious enough. When first asked to do a daily five-minute radio show, Cope thought someone was kidding. "I've heard my voice on tape, and it's certainly no radio voice," he told the man from WTAE. "That's O.K.," said the program exec, "we think we foresee a trend toward obnoxious voices."

The show caught on, and pretty soon Cope was doing two shows a day, then three. Next he added three-a-week commentaries on WTAE-TV. Then his radio show was syndicated over a network of 30 stations. Finally, two years ago he was hired as the radio color man for the Steelers.

Cope soon became a household word in Pittsburgh. The word was often unprintable by some standards, but thanks to a functioning sense of humor and a hard head, Cope copes. Three anecdotes illuminate this point.

1) Last October, a bunch of playful Steelers decided to give Linebacker Andy Russell Myron Cope for his birthday. So they packaged the 5' 5" Cope into a box and presented it to Russell. "My comments on the Steelers are such," reasons Cope, "that giving Andy me for his birthday was no doubt a sarcastic gesture."

2) In 1971 Cope took public issue

with the Associated Press poll that named Arnold Palmer athlete of the decade. Shortly afterward, Palmer spotted high-handicapper Cope about to tee off at Laurel Valley. "Now we'll see what an athlete looks like," Palmer announced volubly as Cope addressed the ball. The heckling continued all the way through his backswing, and Cope remembers praying for a good drive. *Sworry... crack!* Cope's ball sailed straight down the middle about 210 yards. "I held my follow-through for a moment," he recalls, "and without even favoring Palmer with a glance I yelled, 'Stick that one in your ear, Palmer!'"

3) On a trip to Atlanta, Cope was spotted in a hotel phone booth by a 220-pound Pirate bullplayer. "He apparently decided it would be good to spare the public the Myron Cope show. He thereupon reached into the booth, seized me by the throat and began pounding my head against the wall. The moral is that if you are going to fight a 220-pound hallplayer in a phone booth, it is better not to be the first one into the booth."

It would also be better—for our readers—not to have to wait so long between SI bylines, Myron.

Phil M.

Rich Munro

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

MR. FERRIS MAKES A PUN

Word went out last week that the International Amateur Athletic Federation had banned for Olympic use the type of pole Bob Seagren used to make his world-record vault of 18' 5 3/4". And not just Seagren would be handicapped. So would the two other U.S. vaulters chosen for the Munich Games.

"New poles have recently been developed using new materials or different methods of manufacture," an official IAAF statement said. "These poles enable a vaulter with a given body weight and strength to use a lighter pole than hitherto."

Conceding that such poles do not contravene existing IAAF rules, the statement nonetheless held that "the use of a new, improved type of pole could confer an advantage on the limited number of athletes who have had the pole in their possession for a long enough period to become accustomed to its special properties. The IAAF has therefore decided that for a pole to be permitted for use at the 1972 Olympic Games, it must have been available to all athletes through normal supply channels since August 1971."

Whereupon George Moore, maker of the pole, set a new record for hitting colliers.

"It's a production pole," he said, "not a special pole produced only for Seagren. We have between 350 and 400 of these poles in use throughout the world by all the world-class vaulters. . . ."

"There are no new materials in these poles. They are 100% fiber glass. The only difference is that the glass has greater strength-to-weight ratio. This enables us to produce a pole that is lighter and smaller in diameter."

If further confusion is needed, consider the version of Dan Ferris, U.S. member of the IAAF council, who said he took part in a mail vote of the council in which the question was: "Should carbon fibers be permitted in new vaulting poles for Olympic competition?"

Along with others in the council, he voted "No." The 83-year-old Ferris said he never did vote against the pole Seagren uses, since it contains no carbon. Nor does another similar pole.

"Those people were barking up the wrong pole," he said, "I sent a cablegram to the Federation explaining that those two poles were not suspect."

"The whole thing," he concluded, "is up in the air." Then he chuckled.

FOURSCORE AT BURNING TREE

Politics makes strange golf opponents.

Last week, chatting with the press after giving out a few news tidbits, President Nixon let drop that he would play next day with Secretary of State William P. Rogers at Burning Tree Club. He quipped about Vice-President Agnew's game and, responding in kind, a reporter asked jokingly if he would play with George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. The labor organization had routinely endorsed every Democratic presidential candidate since its formation but this year refused to back Senator George McGovern, largely because of Meany's antipathy. Withholding the endorsement was quite a plus for the Nixon team.

The President's response was noncommittal. He remarked pleasantly that he wouldn't bet against Meany "from within 100 yards of the pin."

Next afternoon the President and Rogers arrived at Burning Tree and there, by George, was George Meany, getting set to play with George Shultz, Treasury Secretary.

"The President invited them to join him," a White House aide explained.

Newsmen were not permitted to watch and no one would give out details about the match, but one observer reported that the President, who had not played golf for a year, showed few effects of the layoff. "His backswing has shortened, which comes with age," another said, "but he still has a good short game."

"We won the first nine," Shultz is reported to have said. "Then, for the second nine, the President changed our handicap and they won." No one would say what the scores were.

But in the great game of politics the President is out of sight.

MARKET TIP

It might be considered a reasonable assumption that if a baseball team orders slippery-elm throat lozenges in quantity, some pitches on that team must be throwing spitballs. Slippery elm, while also good for a scratchy throat, is highly regarded as the very finest ingredient to use in preparing the ideal spitter. Pure spit alone is not nearly as good.

Two baseball clubs, the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Chicago Cubs have



been ordering their slippery-elm throat lozenges in quantity from the Henry Thayer Company of Cambridge, Mass., which makes them from the bark of the slippery elm tree. In other years, other clubs have ordered the lozenges but says Irving H. Chase, president of the company, "We haven't had too many orders this year, just from the Dodgers and Cubs."

"I don't know which players use the lozenges," he said. "The trainers order them and we ship directly to them."

There is a continuing move, backed by most umpires, to legalize the spitter but it will take seven votes of the nine-man playing rules committee to restore

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

the pitch to the high moral plane that prevails in baseball.

At next winter's meeting of the committee, Bobby Bragan, one of its members, will introduce legislation to amend, if that is the word, the spitball. Bragan is president of the Class AA Texas League and if he is successful keep an eye on Henry Thayer Company stock.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF KENNETH

Complaints from neighbors in Redwood City, Calif. forced Dr. E. H. Rentschler to give up his kangaroo and peacocks. Now he has to dispose of his two pet llamas. They had taken to spitting at a neighbor, whose name just happens to be Kenneth Disney.

YOU COULD TRY WHEATIES

Magic potions to improve athletic performance are nothing new. In the very early Olympic Games the Greeks were suspected of using certain mushrooms to give themselves a bit of an edge.

The practice has continued. In 1865 there was suspected doping among Amsterdam canal swimmers. In the six-day bicycle races of 1879 there was dark suspicion that competitors were not above using nitroglycerine or even sugar cubes dipped in ether.

Whatever athletes did or are doing to boost performance with drugs, says Dr. Daniel F. Hanley, chairman of the U.S. Olympic Medical and Training Services committee, writing in *Modern Medicine*, they are deluding themselves. In his 30 years of associating with athletes and studying their reactions to drugs, he has yet to find a proven case of superiority arising out of the use of dope.

"Since 1967," he wrote, "several programs of dope testing have been held at world and national competitions. Each program has documented the fact that there is no wonder drug."

A cited example is the world weightlifting championships in Columbus, Ohio in September 1970. Each athlete who won first, second or third in each class was required thereafter to furnish a urine specimen. Eight of the winners tested positive for amphetamines. They were disqualified.

But then, aware that dope tests were being conducted, all other competitors showed negative.

More records were broken in the final undoped half of the competition than in the first.

Dr. Hanley, who is physician at Maine's Bowdoin College, also is low on steroids as a means of enhancing performance, though they are taken commonly as a means of increasing weight and muscle.

"The companion fable that increased weight means increased strength also is unproved," he holds. "Anabolic steroids do increase weight in normal young adults but the weight gain probably represents mostly fluid retention."

"From a practical point of view, the world record in the shotput has stood since 1967, in spite of the hundreds of young men who have absorbed more steroids than reasonable men would believe possible."

For excellence in sport, Dr. Hanley holds, there is no easy way. Which may be all for the best.

DEAR OLD RUTGERS, ALAS

For 18 years now the National Football Foundation has been collecting money for what, it was hoped, would one day be a College Football Hall of Fame to be established on the campus of New Jersey's Rutgers University, where the first college football game was played in 1869. When ex-Senator George Murphy accepted the presidency of the foundation last year he did so with a firm promise of fealty to the Rutgers tradition.

Last week the foundation chose to abandon the Rutgers site and, instead, settled for a six-floor brownstone house in Manhattan, where stockball is the more appropriate game. Instead of spending an anticipated \$5.5 million for the Rutgers campus site, it chose to put up a reported \$1 million for a building on East 80th Street.

The athletes, coaches, writers and other sports figures who voted for the Rutgers locale 25 years ago were not polled about the decision. Rutgers, which had housed the temporary headquarters of the Hall of Fame rent-free, had paid some staff salaries and had donated a 9.8-acre plot with a 99-year lease at \$1 a year, was left waiting at the church and properly aghast.

"I don't think it's particularly good faith," said Sonny Werblin, who in 1965 generously donated the proceeds of a Jets exhibition at Rutgers Stadium to the building fund. "If the Professional Hall of Fame is at Canton, Ohio, where pro football started, the Col-

continued

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legate Hall of Fame belongs at Rutgers."

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BOMBS AND BLOOD

The man who did more than any other to bring The Bomb to popularity in professional football wishes that the game's legislators would outlaw the zone defense and thus restore the "quick six points."

John Unitas, the Baltimore Colts' 39-year-old quarterback, thinks that the zone probably will be outlawed eventually, but too late for him.

"Fans come out to see the exciting play and an offense against the zone has to be methodical, taking the short stuff and forgetting about the long pass," he said.

"They outlaw the zone defense in the Pro Bowl. All the coverages are man-for-man and the games don't get out of hand as some thought they would. I think most fans would like to see games where the final score is 28-24 instead of 10-7."

Some critics have suggested that Unitas does not throw The Bomb often these days because his aging arm isn't up to it, but Unitas begs to differ. "It just can't be done anymore," he said. "You know, I would do it if there were even a remote chance of success, but there isn't."

Whatever may be said of the old man's arm, there is one area in which he excels physically. John Brinner of the University Community Hospital, just off the University of South Florida campus, was studying blood tests given the Colts. One sample commanded his special attention.

"It's a perfect textbook picture of a blood analysis," Brinner told Trainer Ed Block. "It's the best blood."

It belonged to you know who, that 39-year-old thoroughbred, Johnny Unitas.

THEY SAID IT

- Jerry West, Los Angeles Laker star, on Wit Chamberlain's million-dollar mansion: "Someday when he is ready to sell, I'm sure a madam will buy it."
- Chuck Thorpe, rookie PGA golfer, asked what he likes to eat: "I like steak and good food like that, but mostly steak. If you eat hot dogs, you play like one. If you eat hamburger, you play like one—flat."

END

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WHEN THE STARS CROSS

It is off the bat and over the goal line as baseball and football share a stellar week **by RON FIMRITE**



Hank Aaron eyes the flight of the two-run homer that made him a perennial star in Atlanta.



As the sports seasons inexorably meld—baseball into football, football into basketball and hockey, basketball and hockey into baseball—the fan who pays fealty to them all inches ever closer to terminal disorientation. This condition has never been more apparent than it was last week, when the baseball and football All-Star Games were played only three days apart. Was that Henry Aaron who blocked the field goal? Roger Staubach who pitched two scoreless innings? Big Bob Lilly behind the plate for the Nationals? Little Joe Morgan at wide receiver for the Cow-

boys? Who, in fact, were all those people, and what season is this, anyway?

To add to the already abundant confusion, there were some real similarities between the two games. Relief pitchers, for example, won them both—Tug McGraw for baseball's National League and Craig Morton for football's Dallas Cowboys. The losing baseball manager, Baltimore's Earl Weaver, started Jim Palmer from his own team over another pitcher, Mickey Lolich, whom many, including Lolich, considered more deserving. The same might be said for the losing football coach, Bob Devaney, who pre-

ferred his own passer, Jerry Tagge, to Auburn's Pat Sullivan, the eventual All-Star star in a losing cause.

And, as always, in both games there were those who did not particularly want to play, but did, and those who desperately wanted to play, but did not. Such is life among the stars.

No matter really, for the fans, both at the scene and in front of television sets, watched in great numbers. The baseball game attracted 53,107 to Atlanta Stadium, the football game 54,162 to Chicago's Soldier Field. And despite their understandable bewil-

continued

Pat Sullivan anticipates the referee's TD gesture as Bob Newhouse squirms one yard for the College Stars' only score against Dallas.



derment, they were reasonably entertained as the National League defeated the American League 4-3 and the Cow-boys took the College All-Stars 20-7.

The baseball game was easily the more esthetically pleasing. Henry Aaron hit what was almost the game-winning home run before his hometown fans, although the contest was not actually won until Morgan singled home Nate Colbert in the 10th inning. Again, no matter, Aaron was the All-Star in Atlanta.

There were few heroes in Chicago as the professionals once again dominated the game, although Sullivan's late-inning—er, last-quarter—passing 48 for 15) did pick things up. Game honors, however, belonged to Craig Morton, who came out of the . . . well . . . bullpen to replace an injured Roger Staubach and throw two touchdown passes. Staubach, the Super Bowl wizard, did not remember much of the game after he got cooked on the head in the second quarter.

"Apparently I didn't do very well," he acknowledged later. "I understand we were ahead only 3-0 when I left."

It is hard for anybody to remember much, since it seemed as if one game—baseball?—had no sooner ended

when the other one—football?—started.

This convergence of the stars is probably inevitable, what with the trespassing seasons. In fact, it may come to pass that, after 38 years of separate but more or less equal existence, the two games will be played on the same night. Or it may happen that the football game will back up right past the baseball game into an earlier date. As it is, the baseball game has gotten later and the football game earlier. Last week, they were the closest together they have ever been.

Time was when the games were at least a month apart. The first football game, in 1934, was played on Aug. 31, nearly two months after the July 10 baseball game of that year. And in eight different years, including 1953 through 1957, they were played exactly one month apart.

The blame for the new togetherness must lie with football, for it has changed the most. In the beginning the College All-Star Game was to be a test of the nation's best varsity players, against the professional champions. Many of the collegians had no professional aspirations; they were just out there giving it the old try. Now the game is merely a contest between the pros and an all-rookie professional team. Interesting, but different.

The modern pro team starts training camp in July. It can ill afford to lose prize newcomers in mid-August for a game, worthwhile as it may be to charity, that is nevertheless something of an inconvenience. So the pros—and the rookies themselves—want it out of the way as soon as possible.

Since 1961 the game has never been played later than Aug. 7. The last three have all been in July, and last Friday's was the earliest yet.

Baseball prefers to take its All-Star break sometime after the Fourth of July. The game has been played as late as July 31, but that was in 1961 when it was the second of two; no single game has been so tardy as Tuesday's.

Arch Ward, the late sports editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, who founded both games, might well be appalled at this new concentration of star power. It would surely offend his keen sense of timing. Ward was no journalist in the ordinary sense; he was a clever administrator and a demon promoter. Short, spare, bespectacled and bald, speaking with a slight impediment, he could have

passed for a small-town pharmacist. And though he preferred to think of himself as a sharp dresser, he invariably wore baggy pants.

But he was a powerful and influential editor, and when, in 1933, he suggested that his newspaper sponsor an All-Star baseball game as a means of attracting attention to Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition, he was given free rein to organize the event.

At first, he met some opposition from the rockbound baseball hierarchy—the game would be a meaningless interruption, it was thought—but he persisted, and on July 6 in Comiskey Park, before a crowd of 47,595, the first interleague All-Star Game was played. It was an unqualified success. John McGraw managed the National League, Connie Mack the American. Fittingly, the game was won by the Americans 4-2 on a two-run home run by Babe Ruth, then 38 and nearing the end of his fabulous career.

It was a one-shot promotion, but baseball was so enamored of Ward's idea it adopted the game as its own from then on. It was just as well, for as one *Tribune* colleague of Ward's said, "Arch wouldn't walk across the street to see a baseball game."

Football was really his game so, flushed with his 1933 baseball success, Ward set about organizing a gridiron counterpart. The football All-Stars would be selected by the fans, polled by the *Tribune* and cooperating newspapers. This system survived until 1943, when the promoters decided, as the 1972 program put it, that "such polls have deteriorated into popularity contests. The players who win are those who . . . usually come from the localities with the largest telephone book." Now the coaches themselves merely skim the cream from the rookie crop. Baseball, however, abides by the decision of the electorate.

The first football All-Star Game, played in Soldier Field with such collegiate denies as Beattie Featherly and Moose Krause opposing the Chicago Bears, attracted 79,432 spectators. The game was not an artistic success, ending in a scoreless tie. But there was obviously something there worth keeping, and the *Tribune*—or more properly, the Chicago Tribune Charities Inc.—never let it go. Ward personally orchestrated it until his death in 1955. There is speculation that, had he lived longer, he might have altered the format somewhat.

Bob Gibson balked—then pitched his best.



for it is said he foresaw the superiority the professionals have achieved: 28 victories against only nine losses and two ties. That last collegiate success was in 1963.

What Ward might not have anticipated is the ambivalence felt today by All-Stars in both of his creations. It is an honor to be selected, many of them conclude, but a terrible bother to show up and actually play. And the injury risk haunts both the players and their employers.

The players' position in this regard was candidly articulated by St. Louis' Bob Gibson just after he was named the National League's starting pitcher. That's all very nice, said Gibson in so many words, but if I pitch in the All-Star Game it might foul me up for my regular start later in the week.

"It's really not that important who wins an All-Star Game," said he, sending chills through the game's promoters. "All I want to do is pitch one inning."

Gibson pitched two innings, both scoreless; then on Friday in his next regular start he was beaten 3-1 by Montreal. A point well made?

Perhaps. But then how can the Mickey Lolich approach to the game be explained? Lolich, a pitcher who labored too long in obscurity, was angry because he was not named to start the game for the American League. He was, he explained, the winningest pitcher in baseball, and if 17 victories did not qualify him to start, what did?

Perhaps those who have been selected often see the game as only another cross they must bear on the pathways of fame. "Sure, it's an honor," said one American League star who asked anonymity, "but the bat gets heavy this time of year. I'd rather have the time off."

There are also those who feel the game offers an opportunity to prove a point. Henry Aaron would seem to have nothing left to prove, but his All-Star average had been only .186. His sixth-inning home run driving in Cesar Cedeno (page 42) and the accompanying minutes-long ovation from the Atlanta crowd was, in this superstar's opinion, "the greatest thing that's ever happened to me."

Then, too, there is McGraw, a mere relief pitcher, the sort American League Manager Earl Weaver habitually overlooks in favor of more widely acclaimed starters. McGraw and others of his call-

ing saw in his victory a vindication. Weaver's disdain for relievers is, to them, an outrage.

"We have a kind of union," McGraw explained after his finest innings. "We relievers like to think of ourselves as playing a 10th position on the field. We are happy this is recognized in the National League."

The football All-Star Game was also a proving ground of sorts. For the first time in 18 years a major college coach, Devaney of Nebraska, would test the professionals. And Devaney would have his own coaching staff and his own quarterback. At issue was not so much the coach but a system—the option series, in which the quarterback cruises the line of scrimmage in search of vulnerability, either keeping the ball himself or pitching out to a trailing back after an initial fake into the line.

Despite the enormous success this offense has brought Nebraska and other college teams, the professionals have all but ignored it on the premise that, by its very nature, it endangers the highest-priced player on the team. This unwillingness to innovate has opened the pros to considerable criticism. Devaney, the most successful college coach, would

show them the error of their conservative ways.

"At one time," Devaney said before the game, "the colleges were playing the controlled type of game. Now it is just the reverse."

Controlled or no, the Dallas defense made a mockery of the option. Only twice, when Tagge ran for 17 yards at the beginning of the game and for 15 at the start of the second half, did it work at all, and both of those gains were the result of missed Cowboy assignments. Said Tagge: "They stopped it cold."

"The option," said a philosophical Devaney, "will not revolutionize professional football."

So what else do these All-Star games prove? That college kids cannot beat proven professionals? That the American League is the college league of baseball?

The management point of view, at least, was summed up satisfactorily at the football game by Al Davis, who runs the Oakland Raiders. Asked if he was impressed by the performance of his rookies in the game, Davis thought a moment. Then, smiling broadly, he said: "The truth is, we're just happy when they come out of this alive." **END**



The Cowboys' Roger Staubach (12) gets a rude come-dance from an All-Star pass rush.

'YOU KNOW ME, AL,' SAID JOE

And yes, indeed, Al Unser does know Joe Leonard, who is on the same team and who also was in the Pocono 500.

What Unser did not know was that the trophy was that Joe had really won the race by ROBERT F. JONES



For Al Unser, victory was sweet—and short.

When they first tried to run it a month ago, the so-called Eastern jewel in auto racing's Triple Crown proved to be nothing more than a floating opal. The torrents of tropical storm Agnes darn near washed it away, along with the nearby towns of Wilkes-Barre and Pittston. But last week the Schaefer 500 at Pocono International Raceway, high in the hirsute mountains of northeastern Pennsylvania, got another chance to demonstrate its carat count. Rescheduled to run, back to back, with the Pennsylvania 500 for stock cars in a parlay

that came to be known as the Pocono 1,000, it glittered like a very zircon—at least for the two star teammates who thought they had won it.

At this stage in the USAC championship season the cast of characters is pretty well established. It came as no surprise when Bobby Unser won the pole in record time in his Osonite Eagle. What was a bit amazing was the fact that it was the sixth straight pole-position start for Bobby in as many races, although he ultimately won just two of them totaling only 300 miles. The Eagle is certainly quick enough; Unser's Pocono qualifying mark of 189.473 mph was 17.06 mph better than Mark Donohue's pole-winning time last year in the track's inaugural race. But the big question remained: When would the Eagle fly a full 500?

Donohue was out on hand to defend his title as the first winner of the Schaefer 500 or as this year's Indy victor. He was still in a Georgia hospital with Can-Am knee, recovering from surgery after his crash at Road Atlanta earlier in the month (SI, July 17). That left the burden of proof for the Roger Penske McLaren on Gary Bettenhausen, the fellow who had led Indy most of the way only to fail in the final laps with ignition problems. Gary now seemed ready to continue the fast pace he had established this season. His qualifying speed of 182.766 put him and his red-trimmed blue racer in the middle of the second row, armed with both reliability and determination.

The orange cars of Team McLaren—virtually identical with Penske's machine—fired only so-so in qualifying. Gordon Johncock in the No. 24 car averaged 183.457 to sit second to Bobby Unser, but Peter Revson needed three tries and a couple of fresh engines to run at 180.277, a time that placed him in the ninth of 11 rows since he did not

qualify until the second day of trials. The most improved cars in the field were those of Parnelli Jones' "superteam"—Mario Andretti, Al Unser and the reigning USAC champ, Joe Leonard. With the aerodynamic vee-wings of the Parnellis clipped and replaced by longer noses and wider rear wings, Mario qualified third at 183.216, Al fourth at 182.981 and "Pelican Joe" sixth at 181.646 mph. That put three Parnellis, two McLarens and a lone Eagle in the first two rows—a decided numerical advantage to the superteam.

But open-wheel racing wasn't all the weekend was about. When the Indy cars stopped qualifying, out rolled the USAC stockers for a bit of comic relief. Or so it seemed at first. The stock-car racing division of the U.S. Auto Club is bush compared to the sleek and highly competitive machinery of NASCAR—taxicabs by contrast with well-tended family sedans. Pocono management had invited a mini-galaxy of NASCAR stars to hype attendance, but Richard Petty, the best of the good old boys, was the only authentic big-timer to show. Operating with a discreditable bitchiness, some minor USAC officials quickly kicked Petty out of the garage assigned to him and exiled him to a tent—*à la mode* to the King of the Road. USAC Executive Director Bill Smyth quickly returned Petty to his proper quarters and tendered an apology, but that wasn't all Richard needed. USAC drivers Roger McCluskey, Butch Hartman and Wally Dallenbach then added insult to injury by acing Petty out of the pole position. (And when they got down to the real racing McCluskey further ruined Petty's week by leading most of the way and winning easily. Especially after Richard blew a tire at the 250-mile mark.)

Still, saxis and nastiness aside, the



For National Driving Champion Joe Leonard, the race was not to the fleet, but to the steady.

main weekend attraction remained the rescheduled Indy car race, and it proved well worth the wait. Gordon Johncock outdragged Bobby Unser into the first turn, with Bobby and Mario Andretti in such close pursuit that when the trio reappeared at the start-finish line, it was Andretti leading by a nose. Bobby did not nip into the lead until the fifth lap, and he held it only five laps more before putting to replace a frayed rear tire. And though Unser later turned on the pressure and seemed to be closing the gap, he ultimately was nibbled out of contention with a failing gearshift. This

time Bobby had at least passed 150 miles—192.5, to be exact.

Meanwhile, with the lead changing between Andretti and Johncock, Peter Revson had been charging hard from his position at the rear of the pack. He gobbled up 14 cars, increasing a few heart rates among those who were watching his sinuous course through the slower traffic, but finally went under with a broken rod bolt. Along came Gary Bettenhausen to hold the lead gamely for some 40 laps, driving with the same cool that had characterized his Indy ride this year. But with the Parnellis hanging

tough right behind him, Gary lost ignition on the backstretch midway through lap 78. Scratched another of Penske's splendidly prepared bad-luck enterprises.

That put Mario Andretti into the lead. At last: it had been more than two years since Mario won a USAC race, quite a dry spell for the onetime "Golden Guinea" of oval racing—and now it seemed that his time had come again. Moxing his pit stops judiciously with a few more brief yellow-flag periods, Andretti was leading handily at the halfway point over his superteammates, Leonard and Al Unser, respectively. The predominantly Pennsylvania crowd was eager to see another Keystoneer win their one big race, but their hopes were dashed on lap 163 when Andretti pitted routinely for fuel—and stalled out. When he finally got restarted, it was too late.

Then the confusion began. Andretti's prolonged pit stop seemed to put Joe Leonard in the lead. Next came a flaming crash by Jimmy Caruthers, and out came the caution flag. The cars slowed and Al Unser, who had already pitted seven times—one for more than 3½ minutes with a broken fuel line—was still obviously running behind Joe. But when the green flag came out again after the wreckage had been cleared, the official scorers suddenly announced Al to be in the lead, with less than 45 miles to roll. Indeed, when Unser swept across the finish line as the sun lowered over the Pocono greenery, the checkered flag was out for him. But Leonard knew better, and he pulled right into victory circle with Unser. Had they not been teammates, fists would have flown. Or something.

But there was no need for mayhem once the USAC stewards got their heads together. After studying the scoring charts for more than an hour, Chief Steward Dick King proclaimed Leonard the winner—and penalized Al Unser one lap for an alleged infraction. That dropped Al to third, behind Johnny Rutherford. Thus, the victory at a record speed of 154.781 mph made Pelican Joe some \$83,530 richer and gave him a commanding lead in points toward his second straight USAC driving championship. "My only regret is that Mark Donohue and A. J. Foyt couldn't have been here," he said. "It would have made it more competitive."

And probably considerably more confusing.

END



BONNY REMATCH FOR TWO BELLES

Tennis has a pair of ringing new rivalries: U.S. vs. Australia and Chris Evert vs. Evonne Goolagong. Though the Aussies won the title, Chris scored the sweetest victory by getting even with Evonne **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

The two of them, Chris Evert, the lily, 17-year-old American, and Evonne Goolagong, the coltish, carefree Australian just teaching 21, had played but once before—at Wimbledon in July where Evonne won. But there were many last week at Shaker Heights, Ohio who chose, even before Chris' three-set victory in their Sunday meeting, to regard all Goolagong-Evert matches as part of a series of classic duels continuing over the next 10 or 15 years, as another round in a stirring tennis rivalry perhaps made of the same immortal stuff as the Helen Wills Moody-Helen Jacobs battles of the '30s. One hyperenthusiastic Cleveland sports writer even went so far as to compare Goolagong vs. Evert to Palmer vs. Nicklaus, Grant vs. Lee, Lincoln vs. Douglas and Cain vs. Abel.

The setting around the second meeting of the girls was almost as interesting as the great expectations which preceded the match. Their duel was part of a new team competition between Australian and U.S. women, the first of what is intended to be an annual series.

The idea for a U.S.-Aussie challenge was hatched by a Cleveland cosmetics entrepreneur, ebullient Jess Bell. In a blinding stroke of sales promotional genius, Bell sold the idea to the tennis powers of the two countries, promised an underwrite any major losses incurred and coolly arranged to have this latest international tennis competition called The Bonnie Bell Cup Ladies Challenge Match.

There were no cash prizes, and several top U.S. women pros, including Billie Jean King, turned down invitations to play. So the U.S. fielded the same team that had upset England in this year's Wightman Cup: Miss Evert, Pat Hogan, Valerie Ziegenfuss, Wendy Overton and Linda Tuero. They are by no means the nation's strongest combination, ranking nationally third, ninth, 11th, 14th and eighth. The Australians, however, shipped in a very strong team,

led by Goolagong, Wimbledon winner in 1971 and runner-up to King there this year, and by magnificent, muscular Margaret Court, 30, winner of more Big Four championships than any woman now playing (34). Court chose the Bonnie Bell Cup for her return to world competition after more than a year away during which she gave birth to a baby boy.

Unfortunately for Mrs. Court, the first match of her comeback was against Chris Evert. The day was hot, the playing surface quite slow and Mrs. Court's furious serve-and-volley big game was not large or sharp enough to intimidate the American, who won 6-3, 6-3.

Earlier, in the opening singles match of the challenge, Evonne positively overwhelmed Valerie Ziegenfuss 6-4, 6-0, and the teams were tied after the first day. On Saturday the Aussies won the singles match between Misses Kerry Melville and Overton. Then, to the delight of Cleveland's Immortal Rivalry fans, the doubles drawing pitted a team of Goolagong-Lesley Huet against Evert-Pat Hogan. The Immortal Rivalry proved to be mortifyingly mortal on this day. The Australians won easily, 6-1, 6-3.

That made the score 3-1 for Australia as Sunday's competition began. The first singles match paired Mrs. Court against Miss Ziegenfuss. And whatever suspense may—or may not—have been building over which country would hold the Cleveland cosmetics giant's silver cup for the next year was quite woefully erased as Mrs. Court won 6-1, 6-1. Her victory left the Immortal Rivalry to be played for its own intrinsic thrills.

The personal and playing contrasts between the two girls have been described and doled over long and perhaps quite often enough. Miss Goolagong is marvelously tough when she is concentrating, but given to absconding lapses. Miss Evert is nearly an automaton on the court; grim, relentless, humorless. It was fitting that Sunday's match occurred at Harold T. Clark Stadium, for it was there, just over a year ago when she was only 16, that Chris Evert burst on the

world tennis scene. She won two singles and one doubles matches to give the U.S. a 4-3 Wightman Cup victory and begin a streak of 46 consecutive match victories over the ensuing six months.

However much a breathless press and a panting public inflated the rivalry between the girls last week, neither seemed to feel that they were exactly walking in the footsteps of L. S. Grant and R. F. Lee. Evonne said casually to the press, "I'm really quite relaxed about this match, probably because we have already played before." And Evert said, "Well, I take my competition with Evonne seriously, but that only really means that I want to beat her like anyone else. Our rivalry is something that's built up by other people."

As the match began, the crowd was stonyfaced and still as if in a cathedral. Then bursts of applause began to multiply as the girls became locked in a series of long, tense rallies. Evonne characteristically showed ghostly lapses, double-faulting a number of times and dumping shot after shot into the net during the first set. Chris was typically steady and won 6-3. In the second set Miss Goolagong displayed enormous power, particularly with her cross-court backhand, and won 6-4. At that moment the match looked to be a reasonable facsimile of the girls' confrontation at Wimbledon.

But once the third set began, the resemblance vanished. In a shocking turnabout, Miss Evert simply overwhelmed the oddly docile Miss Goolagong. The crowd could scarcely believe its eyes as Chris combined surprising power with her usual precision to win 6-0.

Although another doubles match remained to be played, much of the crowd fled out of the stadium, satisfied. Had they witnessed an Immortal Rivalry? Perhaps so. Although most of them would probably agree that the contest was not as uplifting as Lincoln vs. Douglas or as thunderous as Grant vs. Lee, still it was infinitely more entertaining than anything Cain vs. Abel had ever produced.

END

Peering over the top of the tape, determined Chris used steady play to net her triumph.

TEACHING JUNIOR THE PALMER METHOD

The Hickey-Zarley team took the title, but the big winner was Jack Nicklaus' sub Jack Lewis, who got pointers and publicity **by MYRON COPE**

Three of the five times the National Team Championship had been held, including the past two years, Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus had laughed their way to victory, whipsawing the field so convincingly that the event came to be called the Palmer-Nicklaus Benefit. But last week at the Laurel Valley Golf Club, 15 minutes from Palmer's backyard workshop in Latrobe, Pa., a phone call from a Columbus, Ohio hospital transformed the Palmer-Nicklaus Benefit into the Walter Mitty Open. The caller was Nicklaus, who told Palmer to find a new partner. Jack had just had part of the nail cut away from an index finger so swollen by infection that it left in doubt his appearance in this week's PGA Championship. He had no idea what had caused the infection, but golfer Harry Trosano, harking back to Jack's downfall in the British Open, snickered. "He probably got it biting his nails watching Lee Trevino chip."

So what did Palmer do for a partner but reach into the bushes and pull out a rabbit. Astonishingly, he announced that he would defend his championship with Jack Lewis Jr., a 25-year-old South Carolina nonentity. Lewis turned out to be a sandy-haired little gent with a broad grin, a round face and a pair of granny glasses that made him resemble an amiable bullfrog. When he made his first appearance in the Wednesday pro-am, his wife Mary heard a voice in the gallery say, "Who's that with Palmer?" Another voice piped up, "That's Jack Smith." But Jack Smith Lewis also was Walter Mitty, a tournament spear carrier abruptly thrown into the gutter of experience of his life. As matters turned out, Babe Hickey and Kermit Zarley, not exactly household words themselves, picked off the team title along with the \$20,000 per man that went with it. Zarley, asked how he felt about breaking up the Palmer-Nicklaus monopoly, shot

back, "Guh-reat! I get tired of seeing those guys winning this tournament. But they'd have probably won it again if they'd teed it up."

The Team Championship, since it was moved to Laurel Valley two years ago by Palmer's well-heeled Laurel Highlands neighbors, has stood as an annual celebration of Palmer's name. Destructive in its format, the tournament is a best-ball competition played by two-man teams who gun recklessly for birdies as soon as one partner has made par or seems reasonably sure of it.

As the week began, Palmer, aware that in three years his unique party had succeeded in winning a certain amount of acceptance as a major event, stood alert to slug it out with any cur who might want to cast aspersions, and the ever-engaging Bruce Crampton wasted no time giving Arnie a neck to sink his teeth into. In a TV interview Crampton complained that he had found Laurel Valley galleries unwholesome of Palmer and Nicklaus but "unruly and discourteous" to him and his partners. Then he added that he hoped that this year's galleries would improve their manners. Palmer struck back virility with an interview of his own in which he barked, "Crampton has a problem in that he's always complaining about the galleries, but if it weren't for the galleries Crampton would not be playing. Why doesn't he stop hitching and play golf?" That's what Palmer said—on television—and then said he was glad he'd said it.

Well, the hair on Crampton's neck still must have been standing at attention when he reached the 10th tee during the next day's pro-am. After hitting his drive he spotted Ed Conway, conductor of the fractious interviews, and did an extraordinary thing. He veered off the tee and ducked under the gallery rope, crying at Conway, "What are you trying to do to me?" The two men then

stood nose to nose waging a jawing match. Were they on the verge of blows? "I know I wasn't," said Conway. "He was the one holding a club."

At any rate, Palmer's dismissal of Crampton as a crybaby so effectively cast the Australian as the villain that Crampton, perhaps in order to avoid contact with the public, was seen traveling from the practice tee to the practice green via a circuitous route that involved a hike up a goat hill and across a parking lot. With Crampton off among the parked cars, Palmer turned to the next order of business as the tournament's patron and argued that, shucks, Nicklaus' withdrawal would drain scarcely a nickel from the box office.

"People interested in golf turn out," he argued. "There are plenty of superstars. It's like baseball. You used to have just Babe Ruth. Today Hank Aaron's a Babe Ruth. Willie Stargell's a Babe Ruth. So is Brooks Robinson. So is Carl Yastrzemski." A skeptic wanted to know if Vic Davalillo and Denny Doyle are Ruths, too, but Palmer grinned and said, "I think people are gonna come out to see who Jack Lew is."

It is questionable that many did. But at least the press made a strong effort to determine Lewis' identity and, the nature of golf-tournament coverage being what it is, the effort rapidly deteriorated into a quiz show that left Lewis slightly befogged. One time at the Cleveland Open, a disc-jockey type arrived at the press tent to request credentials, and when the man in charge, one Herman Goldstein, asked his identity, he announced, "I'm a radio personality." Whereupon Herman Goldstein ran him off the grounds. Jack Lewis Jr. (whom Sam Snead addresses as Junior) surely had a similar impulse on the eve of the tournament when a goateed interviewer jabbed a mike under his nose and said, "Do you plan to turn pro?" Junior fought down his worst instincts and politely answered, "Well, I've been a pro for a couple of years." And then, following his first round, in which he had a devil of a time hitting fairways but managed to contribute two birdies, a red-haired reporter trailed him to the grill where approximately 17 times he asked him, "Were you nervous out there?" Each repetition of the question was followed by an interval in which the re-



Aronson Aron, whose money helped send Lewis to college, lends a hand and an eye as Junior lines up a putt.

porter helped himself from a dish of salted peanuts and ate them to the same tune a Saint Bernard plays as it laps up its lunch.

"Well, yes, a little nervous," Lewis kept saying. "but I was more fired up than nervous." The dish of peanuts at last showing its horizon, the reporter closed his notebook, rapped his head, and said, "No matter what you say, it's obvious that up here you're out of it." Lewis smiled and said, "Well, sure."

Actually, it was Junior's belly, not his head, that revealed him to be considerably less collected than he would have it appear. Before his opening-round tee-off at nine a.m. he had eaten a breakfast consisting only of cereal and fruit. By 3:30 Palmer, who had taken to behaving like a concerned daddy, was urging Junior to have some lunch. Junior said he couldn't possibly eat and settled for a Coke. That, plus the fact that he had spent much of the first round in Lau-

rel Valley's unruly and discourteous six-inch rough, left little doubt of the turmoil boiling inside Lewis. He had declined an invitation to stay at Palmer's guest house (what! a rabbit turning his tail on golf's holiest residence) for the reason that in the nearby city of Johnstown he had close friends with whom he often had stayed in the past. He feared that if he stayed elsewhere they might feel slighted. Exhausted by the day's ordeal, Lewis drove to their house and,

continued

still in his golfing clothes, flung himself onto a bed and fell fast asleep.

Paradoxically, only sleep could remove Jack Lewis Jr from a dream—a living dream that no rabbit in his right mind could have dared hope to see come true. Nothing like it had happened since show biz plucked Dorothy Lamour out of a Chicago elevator. On Tuesday, while Nicklaus' fudgy finger still left his appearance uncertain, the speculation had been that in the event of a withdrawal Palmer would send for old pal Dave Marr, a one-time PGA champion. Also, young stud Jim Jamieson was not entered at Laurel Valley, so why not invite him to help defend a championship?

Palmer considered no one except Lewis. He gave two reasons, neither of them the real one. He said that, for one thing, "We're good buddies." (Not true: Palmer has had an avuncular fondness for Lewis for several years but their relationship has not been a close one.) Secondly, said Palmer, Lewis in 1966 had been the first recipient of the Buddy Worsham Scholarship that Arnie established at his alma mater, Wake Forest, in memory of a golfing pal killed in an auto accident. So sentiment entered into Palmer's choice, but the overriding reason for his selecting Jack Lewis was that Lewis was an erstwhile pearl, a one-time Walker Cup player whose professional career in its third year had sunk to so painful a depth that all this year he had won only \$1,423. His elevator, when Palmer plucked him out of it, was plunging downward on frayed cables.

So whatever might come of the rescue operation, it was nice work in a game not renowned for excessive sentimentality. At the least, Palmer's decision created for Junior a bonanza in publicity, which for golfers can spell many dollars. Tommy Bolt, in a book called *The Hole Truth*, contends that the ability to project charisma, which translates into endorsements and commercials, makes the difference between golfers who become independently wealthy and those who must rely on their putters to pay off the mortgage. Jack Lewis thought about that as he lay in bed on the eve of the tournament.

"Just be yourself," he decided. So Lewis went forth in no disguise and radiated about as much charisma as a turnip, his trouble being that he is too damn normal.

The son of a Royal Crown Cola bottling plant owner in Florence, S.C., Jack Lewis began playing golf at age six. By the time he was 14, his parents perceived his unusual talent and foresaw that he would be spending a great deal of his time at country clubs. To head off the temptations of the 19th hole, they offered to pay him \$1,000 if he did not take a drink or smoke a cigarette until he was 21.

The day after his 21st birthday he phoned his mother from Las Cruces, N. Mex. where he was playing in the NCAA championships and said, "Well, I'm 21."

"Tell you what," said Mrs. Lewis. "Go get some champagne on me."

A thousand dollars richer and instilled with good habits, Junior already had made the Walker Cup team and was regarded across South Carolina as the state's brightest young hope to become a professional star.

As he recounts his model beginnings Jack Lewis blushes and confesses to two blemishes on his record. In high school

one day a girl passed him a note that said, "I love you. See you after class." The teacher caught him in the act of accepting the note and made him rise and read it to the class. Later that day Junior telephoned the teacher and told her in a disguised voice that she was hateful. Then he went to her house and apologized for the call. In his second awful experience the PGA fined him \$150 for failing to show up for the Los Angeles Open. He was in bed at the time with the flu and had spent two days trying to notify the tournament office, but nobody would answer the phone. The PGA unsympathetically told him he should have sent a telegram. "I blame myself for not thinking to do that," says Lewis, unfailingly congenial notwithstanding the fact that in his third year on the tour he has yet to win a tournament.

That he brought a genuine talent to the tour with him is proven by the fact that in his first two years as a professional he won \$30,000 in tournament money plus another \$10,000 in pre-arms. What, then, happened to Jack Lewis Jr. this year when he has been unable to win the price of a decent used car? "I started worrying about my swing," he says. "I got too analytical. And then I started pressing. Any golfer's going to hit bad shots, but I couldn't forgive mine. I lost my concentration, and I lost my confidence."

Enter Arnold Palmer to shore up same. "He's young and strong, and he can carry an old man," said Palmer as he and his winless partner prepared to defend the National Team Championship. But there could be no doubt that Palmer had made for himself a nearly impossible title defense. Almost from the outset he found himself giving Junior golf lessons out on the course. "Wrong club," he would say as Lewis made his selection. "Close up that stance. . . Firm up those wrists." Later, as Junior sipped a Coke in the clubhouse, he told Palmer he was going to spend the afternoon on the practice tee. Palmer replied, "Well, if you're going to practice, go out and beat the ball or something. Don't just hit it. Have a target. Doggone it, firm



Crompton rapped Arnie's gang and ended up in a parking lot.

continued



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Splash! Over I went into the diving water. Jan cheered, "Bring back a necklace!" A mere 20 seconds later, gasping for breath,



I surfaced and presented my beautiful wife with the sea's rarest treasure—a genuine pearl oyster. Not bad, I thought, for a guy who didn't even qualify for the high school swimming team.



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up those wrists. You were coming off the ball, and if you keep doing that you're just going to spin your wheels."

To compound the pressure on Lewis, he found himself playing on a course that, because of an extraordinarily wet summer, was in a condition that many of the players pronounced murderous. "I just don't like this place," Lee Trevino told his gallery, and when someone asked why, he replied, "'Cause I can't play the course." He proved it by failing to make the cut for the second straight year.

Meantime, Palmer and Lewis in the first round had gone five under par, a pace that, if improved only a hair, would enable Palmer to win with a Jack for the third straight year. Surprisingly, the next day, while Lewis birdied only one hole, Palmer birdied none. On a course he normally plays superbly, Arnie found himself bumping along through rough and said, "I can't stand to play golf like this," he muttered, his face looking as though Paris had just fallen. "I hate it when I can't make a move."

The field, now certain that Arnie had the wrong Jack, converged on the lead like buzzards. Hiskey and Zarley sharing it after the second round with Gibby Gilbert and one of Jack Lewis' Wake Forest fraternity brothers, Larry Wildkins. When Hiskey the next day rattled off eight birdies to give him and Zarley a one-stroke lead, Zarley said, "I'm too excited to eat lunch." Sunday they played their second straight round of five under to feed off a late rush by Gini Jones and Johnny Miller, but their winning score—22 under par—stood five strokes higher than Arnie's and Jack's total of last year. As for Arnie and the other Jack, well, they managed the last two rounds to trim down to nine under, tied for 29th place.

Over at the box office, Palmer's Theory of Proliferating Babe Ruths was not faring well, either. Without Nicklaus, attendance just about equaled last year's Team Championship, which had been bedeviled by a Pittsburgh newspaper strike and constant rain. Certainly Babe Hiskey, though he plunked in 16 of his team's 23 birdies, was no Babe Ruth at packing them in. But the tournament had revived Ruthian hopes in young Jack Lewis. With his ever-ready smile he said, "I swear this week's been so good for me I'm gonna do good from here on out."

END

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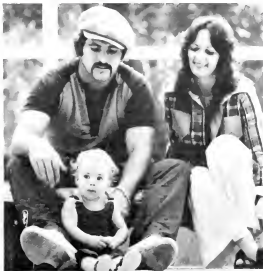
Jim Kick likes to run where there are holes, Larry Csonka where there are people. Either way, bring help **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

THE BLOOD AND THUNDER BOYS

Don Shula says he would appreciate Larry Csonka even if Csonka weren't Hungarian. Csonka is unmoved by his filiation. He refers to his father, a former Akron movie-theater bouncer who once spiraled a chap through a plate-glass door, and to Shula, his coach, as "those crazy Hungarians," as if he were somehow exempt. When Edwin Pope, the Miami columnist, was chided by Shula for slipping out of a Dolphin press conference to talk to Csonka, Csonka commiserated with him in a voice just loud enough for Shula to hear: "Don't worry about it, Edwin, you heard one Honky, you heard 'em all."

By the same token, Shula says he would appreciate Jim Kick even if Kick were not loath to participate in Shula's tough practices. Kick says he hates to practice ("He's putting you on," says Shula hopefully). Kick particularly hates Shula's annual 12-minute run. For days beforehand friends and relatives are subjected to his discontent. Two days before this year's run, Kick announced, "I'm going to tell him that if I wanted to run cross-country I would have gone out for it in high school." He told Shula exactly that, and then ran the 12 minutes ("Another clutch performance by Kick," an observer noted), bringing up the rear in lockstep with his faithful Hungarian companion Csonka. Shula said the two are so close they even get tired together.

Shula puts up with these insubordinations because he knows some things about Kick and Csonka (see cover). He knows, to begin with, that they have become the best pair of running backs in the NFL, both in accumulative effect: the Dolphins rush for more yards, with a higher average, than any other team and in all-round intimidation. They run, do Kick and Csonka, not fancily but with overwhelming finality, like a cave-in. If foot-pounds at impact were measurable in football, it could well prove out that at 233 pounds Csonka hits harder than any back ever hit. Consider this: he once drew a personal foul while running with the ball, having come close to



KICK, WHO ABHORES LABOR IN ALL ITS FORMS, LOAFs WITH BRANDON AND ALICE

removing the head of a defensive back with his forearm.

Kick is cuter ("I like to run where there's holes, Larry likes to run where there's people"), but no less resolute. They both block brilliantly. They catch passes. Kick on third down is as sure-handed as any receiver. And they play hurt, do not blow assignments and never fumble. Well, hardly ever. One fumble apiece in 448 carries last year.

"Kick and Csonka. You can't spell 'em and you can't stop 'em," says a rival coach, to which Shula would add that you can't trade for 'em, either, because he laughs at those who try. Shula admits it. Kick and Csonka have come to represent the identity of his team. The successful football coach adapts to his talent, and more than anything else

the blood and thunder image of the Dolphins under Shula is an adaptation to Kick and Csonka. The components necessarily include the team's more spectacular players, Paul Warfield, the gifted wide receiver, and Quarterback Bob Griese, the AIC's leading passer, who shake things up, but the end product is ball control—80-yard drives consuming nine or 10 minutes at a time and the image of that is Kick and Csonka.

"Heavy heads," the Buffalo coach called them after the two had rushed for more than 100 yards apiece in a game last year. They were to repeat the feat a month later against the Jets. "Throwbacks," Shula calls them. They are two manifestly uncomplicated football players who love the game for the simple things it can do to a man. Dirty

his shirt. Bloody his chin. Satisfy his inhibitions. Relieve his tensions. Says Csonka, "It gives a man great satisfaction to do something people are trying to stop him from doing. You don't get ulcers playing football."

Shula does not "send" Knick and Csonka to play, he "turns them loose." He does not take them out of a game, he calls them off. Knick sulks when Shula spells him. "It's my way," Knick says. "Larry is more likely to say something 'Let me hack in, coach.' I never say anything, I sulk." Alice Knick says her husband's sulks are very outspoken.

Shula has a favorite scene, one he considers typical of the pair, although it involves only Csonka. It was captured for posterity in the highlight film of the posterously successful 1971 Dolphins, who did not quit knocking and cunking until they were in the Super Bowl, where they were stopped at last by the Dallas Cowboys. The scene shows Larry Csonka arriving in the end zone. "The image of manhood," Shula says. Csonka's mustache is dripping mud. His face and uniform are splattered with it. His helmet is

twisted grotesquely on his head. His expression is impressive: the stoic marine atop Samurahi, vaguely aware that the battle must have been won but certain that the war is not over. In the final frame, Csonka turns and nonchalantly flips the ball over his shoulder. "A picture I love," says Shula.

There are other pictures, not all recorded or authenticated, but still parts of the growing saga of Knick and Csonka, or "Butch" and "The Kid" as they are called by their worshipful fans. The president of a woman's club in Washington strode into the Redskins' office to buy 5,000 tickets to an exhibition game the other day, and when asked which one she wanted to see, replied, "I want to see Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." The association with the movie heroes, though tiresome, has been profitable. At least 2,000 posters of them in Western costume were sold in the off-season and a TV film has been made of their exploits, featuring them on horseback, riding into the sunset at the close of another tough day on the trail (actually hotel row on Miami Beach).

But that is make-believe. The true-life adventures are more revealing. The time, for example, when Knick was seen biting the arm of a New York Jet. Why did you do that, Jim? he was asked. "Because he was twisting my leg." Did you bite him hard? "Hard enough to make him stop twisting my leg." Or the time the two drove 20 hours straight to deliver a new car to Csonka's dad in Ohio. They had just returned from defeat at the hands of Oakland in the 1970 divisional play-offs, and all the way from Miami to Ohio they talked of football and of retribution, and how they must allow nothing to stop them in 1971 short of a broken limb or a concussion, and they got so excited over the prospect that Knick nearly demolished the dashboard with his fists.

Knick-Csonka episodes proliferate like hangers in a closet. In the ones involving Csonka a description of his nose is usually included. It has been "land on the side of his cheek" (one side or the other) nine times. When he was a farm boy in Ohio, it was kicked out of line by a steer. In a high school wrestling

continues on

CSONKA, WHO GREW UP LABORING ON A FARM, IS MORE TEDDY BEAR THAN GRIZZLY WHEN AT HOME WITH PAUL, GDOG AND FAN



match, it led the way to the mat under an opponent Csonka had draped around his neck, only to lose control of. Last season he got up from a nose-to-elbow collision with a Buffalo Bill, streaming blood. Gauging the flow to be infatal, he returned to the huddle. As he leaned over, the blood dripped audibly on the shoes of Mats Fleming, the Miami tight end. Csonka said Fleming's eyes got wider and wider. His face turned, well, white. Fleming ordinarily is black. "So I learned the other way to bleed on knock," said Csonka. "He loves it. It makes him think he's been in a game."

Dr. Herbert Virgin, the Dolphin team physician, has found Csonka to be "an extremely stubborn individual." In return for his advice Dr. Virgin has learned to expect such rejoinders as "I'll get over it" (broken nose, sprained knee, etc.) or "I ain't going to the hospital, and that's final." In 1988 Csonka suffered a concussion in a collision with a Bengal linebacker. Four weeks afterward he suffered severe headaches. His career was thought to be in jeopardy. A neurosurgeon suggested he reevaluate his occupation. Knocked unconscious again in a game at Miami, Csonka came to on the sidelines to find Dr. Virgin hovering over him and a photographer standing on his hand. He told the photographer to get the hell off. Dr. Virgin called for a stretcher and an ambulance. Csonka got to his feet. "I'm not going to be carried off in front of all these people," he said. "I'm going out the way I came in or I'm not going." Dr. Virgin threw up his hands and followed Csonka to the dressing room.

Csonka wore a special helmet after that, with liquid and air compartments to absorb shock, but he eventually discarded it. The headaches went away. "I had absolutely no doubt I'd be all right," says Csonka. He now runs with greater intelligence, using his head more by learning how to use it less, and he wears his old helmet in a fashion peculiarly his own: the suspension shifted so that it sits forward and down over his head. Willie Lauer, the Kansas City linebacker, tells Csonka it looks as though his helmet's empty. "All I can see is your mustache," he says. "Good," says Csonka. "I'd just as soon you didn't know which hole I'm looking at."

As is often the case with conspicuously physical people, the wreckage on Csonka's face and that which he causes does

not in any real sense expose his true character. It is, in fact, a contradiction to it. It is true, for example, that Csonka was an avid hunter, but he can no longer bring himself to kill. He speaks, rather, of the majesty of the moose he has seen in the wilds of Canada and of the cunning of the beavers who built a dam he fell off of last winter.

Csonka actively, vigorously objects to the notion that a brutish football player is necessarily a brute. Last year he was critical of President Nixon for putting himself into the pro football picture, but Csonka says his message was lost in translation.

"I have no hassle with Mr. Nixon," he says. "Who am I to knock a fan? What I object to is that when it comes from him, from the President, it's as if he has sanctioned all of football, that football is just naturally wonderful for everyone. Parents start pushing a kid toward the game without realizing the dangers in it. You see it in these Little Leagues, poor equipment, poor coaching. Some 25-year-old frustrated jock making kids run 8,000 laps. And parents! A kid gets his nose broke, and the coach yells at him and calls him a coward and shames him. Hey, kids listen to adults, especially if he is a coach. They start to believe. Maybe a kid believes he can't compete, that he is a coward. If a kid's not ready to hit or be hit, he shouldn't have to."

Csonka explains, in part, his close friendship with Knick as being a matter of relaxing in each other's company. "No competition for attention," he says. One rainy night before a game in Boston they retired to their room to relax with noncompetitive but expensive bottles of bourbon. The game the next day was played on a field barely visible under a sheet of water, and on one particularly untidy run Knick slid 30 feet in the clutches of a Patriot tackler. He almost drowned, says Csonka. He came back to the huddle looking like a section of the field. Just as signals were called Csonka said, "Don't swallow, Knick, or you'll spoil all that good bourbon."

Dolphin Trainer Bob Lundy says Knick and Csonka make him look good because he never has to report them *hors de combat*, and he no longer worries whether they have a high or low threshold of pain because he doubts they feel pain at all. Knick once played with a broken toe, a broken finger, a hip point-



KICK FLOWS THROUGH THREE COLTS AS

er and a badly bruised elbow. Lundy put a cast on the elbow, and during the game kept asking Knick how it felt. "Fine, fine," said Knick. Afterward Lundy unwrapped the elbow to find it swollen twice its normal size, and knew it had to be extremely painful. He asked Knick how he stood it. "Hell, I'm paid to play," said Knick.

Last March, in a basketball game at a Miami high school, Knick fractured his left ankle. While he was at it, the doctor X-rayed both ankles and found the right one had been broken, too, at an earlier time, and was actually in worse shape than the left. "No kidding!" said Knick incredulously. A couple of weeks later he wore out the bottom of his cast playing basketball.

Medical records and love of football aside, for two men who appear to be so much alike, Jim Knick and Larry Csonka are nothing alike.

James Forrest Knick is a Jersey diode who went to the University of Wyoming because his grades weren't good enough to get him in school back East. His mother Alice objects to his candor on the subject, a delightfully prepossessing gray-haired woman, as well as a first-grade teacher in Lincoln Park, N.J., she wishes Knick would say that only Wyoming had the sense to recognize his ability.



CSONKA (39) COMES OVER TO HELP OUT

At Laramie, Knick was both a star and an iconoclast. His teammates called him Nucky Newark. He wore pointed shoes, Italian knit shirts, fluorescent pants. "All my clothes were monogrammed, even my underwear. I always liked wild clothes. Shirts with girls' pictures on them, I'm also a shoe freak. In high school my mother would send me down to get a pair of pants and a shirt, and I'd come back with four pairs of shoes."

If Wyoming never saw anything like Knick, Knick never expected anything like Wyoming. "Flying in, I couldn't believe it. Hundreds of miles of nothing. If I'd gone out there to visit first, I'd never have gone back. The fans were great, and we had good teams, but nobody back East knew we were playing except when we went to the Sugar Bowl in 1967. My mother used to complain to *The New York Times* about its coverage of our games. A line score on Monday mornings. I had to call her at two a.m. after a Saturday night game to give her the play-by-play."

Knick's life as a Wyoming undergraduate was not encumbered by serious study. Pushed into phys ed courses that bored him, he would, of a morning, start for class and make it as far as the pool table in the student center, where he

financed his dates and phone bills. Except for the love of Alice, who played hard to get, a tactic that baffled him ("I thought, 'How can she turn me down?'"), Knick was not won by the West. He rode a horse for three hours, and was cured of the desire for a lifetime. When the team went to New York to play Army, all the players wore cowboy hats. Except Knick. He held his under his arm. "I was afraid some of the guys from Jersey might see me. When I signed with the Dolphins I was written up as a 'cowboy from Wyoming.' They all laughed at that one. I was a pool shark from Jersey."

In Lincoln Park, says Knick, "We have the oldest kids in the world. Thirty-five, 40-year-old kids who have found a way to do nothing in life. Just hang around, play some basketball, drink some beer, relax. That's the way I'll be. I have the opportunity now to do it in the off-season. I don't have to preplan my day. I do what I want. I can play basketball for hours, even by myself. Maybe go sit in a bar and relax. I'd like to have my own bar. I'd like to be able to walk in and say, 'Buy that guy a drink.'"

"Alice doesn't go for those ideas much. She wants something permanent. She'd like me to have a job in the off-season. Nine to five. Get me out of the house. I look around to please her. I go out and shoot baskets, and maybe have a few beers, and come back and tell her, 'Nothing today, honey.' I guess you'd call that irresponsible. That's how my mother describes me."

Knick's Pennsylvania Dutch father George played two years for the Pittsburgh Steelers in the 1940s, but did not push him into athletics. Mother Alice did that. While George reminded him of his errors, Alice threw the football to him and led the cheers. He was good at everything—football, basketball, baseball—but he was told he had a bad attitude. "I've always been what you might call lackadaisical. It makes for a bad appearance. For example, I hate exercise. I hate sit-ups. Larry thrives on hard work. Raised on a farm up at 5:30, milking cows, getting the work done. I was lazy. Or looked lazy. Shula yells at me for the way I do exercises. I just like to loosen up. I don't worry much about form. I don't knock myself out on the unnecessary stuff. Why run back to the huddle? Conserve your energy. Pick your spots. Pete Rose draws

a walk and he sprints to first base. Why? I'll wait."

"I was better in basketball than football. I always wanted to be 6' 5" [he is 5' 11"]. If I was 6' 5" I'd be playing basketball now instead of football. And I was better at baseball than anything. The coach and I didn't see eye to eye. He bought me a new glove. Mine was old and floppy, but it had character. A nice pocket. This new \$40 glove was beautiful, but it was flat and hard. I wouldn't wear it. We argued. One game I forgot my bat. He made me sit in the bus the whole game."

Unlike Csonka, Knick is a natural athlete. Put a golf club in his hands, says Shula, and he'd probably break par. The inner points of a game, however, do not fascinate him as they do Csonka. "I'm not a student of anything," says Knick. "I stopped growing mentally at 17. I know absolutely nothing about football. I don't know how to read a defense. I'm always afraid they'll quiz me on something I'm supposed to know."

Success would seem to have left Jim Knick totally unspooled. Only the wrapping has changed, to Levi's and tie-dyed shirts, hair that hangs around his ears and a mustache. The new shoe styles delight him. He now wears clogs and red and white strappings with two-inch heels, and is "tall at last." He also has gone along with the fashion for "different" names ("Jim gets old after a while") by calling his newborn, now 16 months old, Brandon. "I'll tell you a name I used to like," he says. "There was a short-punter named Dallas Long. Remember him? I used to think that was a great name. Dallas."

He pauses, reflecting on the irony. "The letdown came after the Super Bowl," he says. "Not on the next day, but later. Dallas wasn't that much better. His football is momentum. We lost it in the first quarter when we fumbled and they scored, and we never got it back. The letdown came when you realized how much it took to get there. How many things had to be right, or went wrong, that allowed us to get there. Luck. Injuries. More luck. How many times is Jan Stenerud going to miss a 24-yard field goal [as he did in *The Longest Game at Kansas City*]? So those things work for you, and when you get there, you've got to get the job done, because you might not get back there for a while."

Continued

Jim Knick believes, as a friend once told him, that "you are fortunate in life if you have one or two good friends." He found Larry Csonka at the College All-Star camp in Evanston, Ill. in 1968. Knick was a fifth-round draft choice of the Dolphins, appreciated mainly by his mother. Csonka was a consensus All-America from Syracuse, the Dolphins' No. 1 pick with a \$100,000 bonus. Csonka was to be, in that All-Star Game, the Most Valuable Player. Knick never got in the game. Norm Van Brocklin, the All-Star coach, said he was too fat, too slow and had a bad attitude. "I did, too," says Knick, "when I realized he could say all that without ever having seen me play." Csonka obviously saw things in Knick that Van Brocklin didn't. He introduced Knick to Miami sportswriters as "a guy you better get to know. Maybe you never heard of him, but he's going to be a hell of a player."

Thrown together as roommates then, they have been roommates by choice ever since. "Two things can happen in a case like that," says Csonka. "Either you communicate and get along or you wind up hating each other. If you don't get along, it's pretty obvious. Show me the game films of a team and I'll tell you whether the running backs get along. When Jim and I run a sweep I can sense exactly what he's going to do, how he'll react to the defensive end or the cornerback. We don't have anything in common except friendship, but that makes it work."

Knick was awed by Csonka. "He was huge," he says. "I was embarrassed to be around him. He was taller. He was stronger. I measured my thighs and thought, boy, 28 inches. His were bigger. We kidded him every time he ran a pass pattern: 'Linebacker down field!' We were nothing alike, but we hit it off. Larry likes to fish. I hate the outdoors. But I could enjoy it with him. I like to play basketball or shoot pool. He doesn't give a damn, but he'll come watch."

Lawrence Richard Csonka was raised on an 18-acre farm in Stow, Ohio. His father Joseph worked at Goodyear in Akron besides doing a little bouncing on the side. Larry remembers that his father made him hoe beans "until I wanted to hit him with the hoe," and as punishment knelt on corncocks, and that he and his brother slept in a rough board attic where it was so cold "I could watch my breath go the length of the room. I

had a runny nose the first 10 years of my life."

"I hated that farm until I was old enough to know better," he says. "Now I think how rewarding it was—growing things, having animals. Hey, there was a creek and about 20 dogs running around, and we chased woodchucks and climbed trees to get baby crows for pets. Think how ironic it is. My dad didn't have much money, and here I am with two boys [Doug, 5, and Paul, 3] who are rich kids by comparison, and I'm trying to get enough to afford to give them the life my dad gave me."

The Csonkas—uncles, cousins and so forth—were known around Stow as a physical bunch. "If my father liked you, he hit you on the arm." If he didn't like you, he was also liable to hit you. "He was always in great shape," says Larry. "He's 53 now, and he's still got a 34-inch waist. And can hit you quicker than you can think about it."

Larry weighed 150 when he was 12, and by the time he was a high school junior, he had tried every position, including quarterback. "There was something about throwing the ball. I didn't want to turn it loose." His high school games in Stow were memorable as much for the fights in the stands as they were for the play on the field.

Csonka's wife Pam was his high school sweetheart and joined him at Syracuse his junior year. The year before, Coach Ben Schwartzwalder had converted him from fullback to middle linebacker. "Biggest mistake I ever made," said Schwartzwalder. Csonka was converted back to fullback. "Smariest move I ever made," said Schwartzwalder. A Syracuse tackle named Gary Bugenhagen had told Csonka that he should strengthen his forearms by banging them into things. Csonka was envious of the size of Bugenhagen's forearms. That summer Schwartzwalder got a call from Mr. Csonka. He said to please get Larry out of his house because he was "knocking down the walls."

"Actually," says Csonka, "it was only one wall, and it was coming down anyway. I used to leave a couple hundred pounds of weights on my bed. My mother would raise hell. She couldn't lift them off to make the bed."

Csonka broke all the Syracuse rushing records, surpassing the feats of Jim Brown, Ernie Davis, Jim Nance and Floyd Little. "I'm not really in their

class," he says. "I just carried the ball more." When he broke the last of Little's records, they stopped play to give him the ball. Csonka flipped it to the sidelines. "I didn't know what they were doing," he says. "I thought it was defective or something."

Rookie camp with the Dolphins was a special hell for Csonka. George Wilson was the Miami coach then, and he was a traditionalist who believed that rookies were made to suffer. Csonka was the biggest target. He suffered most. The veterans called him "the Lawnmower" for his peculiar lock-kneed, low-to-the-ground running style. They not only made him sing his school song, they made him sing every school song. They sent him out for sandwiches at two in the morning. They did not get him drunk one night, as is the custom, but took him out and tanked him up 10 nights in a row. "One time they had us drink a gallon of white lightning," Csonka says. "Knick sat there, motionless. Sometimes he does that, just sits there, so I wasn't concerned. He looked sober. Then he said, 'We gotta go.' We made it back to the room, and he was sicker than I've ever seen a man. The next day we had to run the ropes, and we got tangled so had you wouldn't believe it."

It was, harassment notwithstanding, a foregone conclusion that Csonka would be Miami's regular fullback from the beginning. Knick soon joined him, by default. Injuries—a punched nerve in the neck of Jack Harper, appendicitis for Stan Mitchell—eliminated the competition. "I had a no-cut contract," says Knick. "They had to try me."

The rest, of course, is history, or getting there. As his head cleared and the games rolled by, Csonka became easier to spell ("C as in Carl, S as in Sam" ... I've heard him tell it to the operator 100 times," says Knick) and tougher to defense. Last year he went over 1,000 yards, and Shula, having recognized an astonishing thing—Csonka is fast enough to run outside—has given him more latitude. Weak-side sweeps, quick pitches. ("I always wanted to run outside just to prove I could," says Csonka.) The advantage he has out there, says Shula, is that "even if he's not as fast as some backs, he's bigger." (Pause) "Bigger than most backs." (Pause) "Bigger than all backs." And Knick, of course, continues to get his 1,000-yards-plus rushing and receiving and to remind peo-

ple of such alltime all-purpose backs as Paul Hornung and Tom Matte. Shula says nobody makes the third-down play—the tough two yards, the clutch reception—more consistently than Kuck.

The Kuck-Csonka dimension grows. Their affairs are now handled by Mark McCormack (Arnold Palmer, Rod Laver, Jackie Stewart), and that means endorsements. Last year they even held out on their contracts together.

It is very easy to be with these two. One need only watch them limp into the training room on Monday morning. "It's a painful sight," says a regular. "Able to walk, but barely. Dr. Virgin comes in and just shakes his head."

Csonka, the Sundance Kid, takes up the oral hammer for the two on this most tender of subjects. "No matter what your style, you have to take a beating," he says. "If you're small and quick, it might catch up to you all at once, or if you're like me you might prefer to get it in regular doses, but sooner or later the hill collector comes."

"It's all in the game. I'm no masochist, but I wouldn't want it any other way. I want to be physically involved. I don't want to be in a game where all you've done is throw the ball and don't feel a thing on Monday. Maybe it's a way of letting off steam. I don't know, but afterwards Kuck and I can relax better than anybody. We can relax at a party till five a.m., just sitting in a corner, Kuck with that look on his face, not saying anything. But hey, I like people. I present the image of being a brute, of knuckles dragging. I've had people hesitate to come up to me because they weren't sure what I'd do. I hate that. They don't know me."

"I love the game, that's all. I bitch, but I love the whole thing, the total experience. Mind and body. And the result is right there at the end. Running backs figure to last four to six years. The lucky ones last eight or 10. I'd like to go 15. And the only thing that troubles me is that I won't be able to play forever."

It is barely coincidental, perhaps, but worthwhile telling anyway, if only for the fun of it: Pam Csonka was out on the tennis court when little Paul Csonka came crying for attention over a slightly bloody mouth. Pam took a quick look and said, "Just dah it with something," since she was busy. "In this family," she says, "you learn to live with pain."

END

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FLYING BY EYE AND THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS

They all dream of finding the perfect plane gathering dust out there somewhere in an old barn, buying it for \$1,000 or so, then restoring it to flying condition with loving applications of fabric, wood, wire and, inevitably, coating upon coating of money. But the air antiquer does not want merely to look at his craft, he wants to fly it, low and slow like they did in the old days, following roads and railroad tracks to his destination while the engine blats out its rhythms and the wind snaps his white silk scarf just like in those 1930s talking pictures. The happy aeronauts at right and on the following pages are doing just that. More than 300 of them hedgehopped their way to mid-Iowa where they swooped down upon a cow-pasture airfield, breaking off a tail wheel or two, stunted and looped and showed off the planes that are their special pride. Photographer Heinz Klutmeier captures the collectors with the objects of their adoration, and antique buff Sherwood Kohn writes of the rally that nostalgia built.

Over Iowa and clanking, Jim Harris roars along in his better-than-new 1940-model Stearman, similar to those winging in formation at lower left. Other beauties include the Super Ryan at top left and the 1928 Waco at lower right. Skirling them, as in the scene at top right, requires a wary approach.





Rolling along upside down, Doug Rinehart's 1936 Rose Parakeet flies faster than it does upright, an eccentricity not shared by the more



level-headed Tiger Moth at upper left and the 1911 Epps Monoplane (right)



'PLEASE DON'T STALL OUT IN THE CORN!'

by SHERWOOD KONN

Every man, to some degree, is a victim of his childhood fantasies. For many who are now in their 40s and 50s the dreams had wings, wings and names like Waco and Monocoupe, Lindbergh and Earhart, Stinson and Aerona, Doolittle and Rickenbacker. These were airplanes and aviators, and they radiated romance and adventure, the stuff of heroes, the kinds of goals that seemed as unattainable as real wings to those kids who built balsa-wood flying models and hung along the fence at the local airport, watching and hearing and smelling the stuttering rive of the air age.

Today, a few members of the balsa-wood set have been able to make their childhood yearnings come true. And now that they are big kids, they like to get together and show off. On a fine summer week last year more than 300 representatives of the pre-World War II generation flew their realized dreams into a converted cow pasture in the middle of Iowa: 10 miles west of Ottumwa, opposite a cornfield near a farming town called Blakesburg, population 450.

Upon their arrival, the scene added up to \$250,000 worth of sunbaked, ragweed-infested nostalgia. It was a 70-acre replica of a Bonnie and Clyde airfield complete with T-form grass runways, three corrugated metal hangars and aircraft parking bays where pilots shut down their cherished relics in rows beside the trees and often camped beneath the wings. The field had no control tower; the only concessions to the present were FAA and U.S. Weather Bureau operations offices set up to give the antiquers some notion of what else was in the air besides sentimentality.

The entire layout was the fantasy ful-

fillment of an Ottumwa native, Robert L. Taylor, a onetime aviation service owner and operator who founded the Antique Airplane Association in 1953, nursed it through numerous vicissitudes and finally moved it to the grounds of his 177-acre farm. He lends the farm rent-free to the AAA (not to be confused with the American Automobile Association), which currently has 5,500 paid-up members and is swelling at the rate of about 500 a year.

During the annual AAA-sponsored fly-in, billed as the largest of its kind in the country, the pilots spent the hours from dawn to dusk buzzing around the field in their magnificent machines, restored Howards and Stearman and De Havillands and the like. The fly-in was nine days of wood-and-fabric, seat-of-the-pants flying in the grand old manner. Beech Staggerwings swept in low formation, tiny bright-sprayed Pitts Specials flashed up into the sky and one red, white and blue 1929 Davis lashed the full length of the north-south runway, its Kinner radial blaring out its unique tune. Competitions included formation flying, spot landings and short-field takeoffs. And, naturally, there was much bouncing about and breaking of landing gear. One ice ran out of runway and stuck the nose of his plane in the mud. A dentist from Naperville, Ill. broke his hand spinning the prop of his Stearman. But no serious mishaps occurred as the old Jimmy Cagney movie ritual of "switch off, switch on—contact" was heard throughout the land.

In the evenings the enthusiasts drank beer, swapped stories and spent much of the time feeding their fantasies with movies: *A Dash Through the Clouds*, a

1912 comedy starring Mabel Normand. *Wings Over Honolulu*, a 1937 Universal release featuring Ray Milland, *40 Hawks*, a 1935 Columbia epic starring Ralph Bellamy. To complete the orgy they presented each other (plus the FAA officials and the mayor) with more than 130 winged awards, some of them as ornate and aeronautical as the Pendin and Thompson trophies. They passed out trophies for aerobatics and gave six awards to courtesy. 62-year-old Agustín Gutiérrez Peláez, owner of the largest coffee-roasting plant in Mexico, who flew his parasol-winged Davis DI-K all the way from Mexico City where, more than 30 years ago, he had earned the nickname El Gato (The Cat) for his stunt parachute jumping.

The AAA's grand-champion award, plus nine others for such feats as outstanding workmanship, producing the best restoration and owning the best antique, went to Red Lerille, who was Mr. America in 1960. He flew his yellow 1937 Monocoupe 90-A to the meet, then refused to risk damaging it in the dusty, bumpy, crowded traffic pattern and remained grounded, polishing the two-seater's exquisite finish until he flew it back to his health spa in Louisiana.

The general atmosphere of the event was that of pure escape, dominated by smug shoptalk about discovering old planes moldering in hangars or barns, picking them up for a song, saving them from time and decay at considerable expense (an average of about \$5,000 to \$10,000 per plane), and restoring them to flying, or even stunt, condition.

On hand to prove that old heroes were not only human but bitten by the same bug as every other red-blooded Depression-era sky scout were Harold Neumann, the 1935 Thompson Trophy winner, now 65 and a retired TWA pilot; El Gato, who used to parachute in tandem with a black cat and who once landed his plane in the middle of downtown Mexico City on a bet. Doug Rhinehart,

The 1929 Sparrow ready to go at top left is the flight of fancy of a Wisconsin collector, Ed Wegner. The result of such labor can be spectacular (try that smoking dive for kites), a whole skyful of memories that fulfill dreams in old boys and spur them in the young.

continued

ANTIQUES

a 48-year-old from Farmington, N. Mex. who picks up pocket money doing aerobatics at fly-ins with his 1936 Rose Parakeet, and Mrs. Ann Pellegrino, an intense, petite blonde who in 1967 flew Amelia Earhart's route in a similar aircraft, a Lockheed Model 10 Electra.

Fittingly enough, nearly half the AAA membership consists of airline and military pilots and technicians, men who already have achieved their aerial dreams professionally only to find that flying today's planes is just another job. "It is like sitting behind a computer," said one TWA captain, "compared with getting the feeling of really flying."

"This is fun," said Richard J. Hardin of Justin, Texas, a Stinson-and-boots pilot for Texas International Airlines.

"This is getting back to flying, to the time when airplanes weren't so sophisticated. It puts the pilot and the plane closer together. And there is nostalgia for old things, a feeling for the old grass field. Maybe people are looking for a time when things were friendlier and less complicated. As for the old airplanes: they fly better, they're easier to handle and they're more enjoyable."

"One is fun and the other is work," said Air Force Colonel Sid Hess, a former maintenance chief of *Air Force One* under Presidents Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon. He flew a restored twin-engine Cessna UC-78 to Blakesburg—one of the seven antiques and classics he has collected over the years. "Flying jets is beautiful in itself, but flying low and slow is just as beautiful. And I tell my wife that it's a good investment, because these planes appreciate in value."

The restoration of old airplanes, and even the production of replicas (most of the awe-worthy World War I types are reproductions), has become a profitable business. Planes that could be purchased for less than \$1,000 some 15 years ago now sell for up to \$20,000, depending on their rarity and condition. But everybody can afford that sort of hobby.

One man who can is Pete Bartoe, president of an aerospace research corporation in Boulder, Colo. that produces orbiting solar observations. His yellow 1942 De Havilland Tiger Moth, restored in England two years ago, is an object of tender passion. "It is about as light on the controls as any airplane ever made," he said. "It's like power steering. One finger. It gives you a feeling of flying. This is back to fundamentals."

All dedicated antiquers would rather fly a genuine oldtimer at 60 to 80 mph than, say, a Beechcraft Bonanza at 200. Speed is meaningless. Paul Parker, a newsman for New York's WINS, pilots a restored 1936 Stinson Reliant SR-8E. He had joined the AAA fly-in on his return swing from a 7,500-mile transcontinental flight out of his home base near Shrewsbury, N.Y. One afternoon he ran his hand lovingly over the big white Reliant and said, "This is the most rugged monoplane ever built. They don't build planes today the way they built these. There is a certain classic beauty about them. You become totally involved. It is the closest you can come to getting your life's work to letting you have a mistress. I've been flying for 26 years, and I have had a yen to own one of these since I was a kid—which I guess is a Walter Mitty dream common to most antiquers."

The disease even affects old pros such as Rhinehart, a Will Rogers type who looks upon his 480-pound airplane as a work of art. "When I was a kid I saw a Rose Parakeet, and it thrilled me," said Rhinehart. "I finally found one on the Mexican border, and I eventually got acquainted with Jack Rose, the plane's designer. It is an airplane you can fall in love with. It flies seven miles an hour faster inverted [oldtimers at the air show pointed out that Rhinehart flies upside down more than he does right side up]. It's fly by feel. It has a touch I like, and it is perfect for aerobatics. I especially enjoy aerobatics; they give me a feeling of being in control of the plane under any condition."

Ray Newhouse, an American Airlines 747 pilot from Illinois, was similarly romantic. He arrived in a three-place open-cockpit 1931 Bird biplane that he had found in a hangar a month earlier, and he spent most of his time in Blakesburg giving rides to friends and making silk, three-point landings, activities which seemed entirely appropriate to an airline pilot. "I cut my teeth on these things in 1934," he said. "The best part of something like this is the feeling of flying out in the open. There is something pretty about hearing the wing vases whistle, and there is something real nice about flying tail-drillers off grass strips."

"I can go wherever I want on an airliner—fast. But what I enjoy is an airport airplane, something to hop into and fly around the field. I flew down here fol-

lowing highways, railroad tracks and rivers. There is a lot of difference between that and the inertial navigation system we use on jets."

There were no fighters on hand—from any war—but some old birds turned up. One was an oak, spruce, linen and wire replica of a 1911 Epps, which had been designed by the grandfather of the pilot, Ben Epps III, a 24-year-old from Atlanta. He seemed out of place among the antiquers on the ground—his flowing blond hair was hardly in their vogue—but once up in the air hedgehopping about in his Blenot-style craft, his scarf streaming behind him, he looked perfectly at home. Unfortunately, his rear fuselage cowl blew off in flight, damaging his rudder and scaring him half to death.

"Granddaddy built seven or eight planes between 1907 and 1937," said Epps after the mishap. "Nobody ever heard of him, so Daddy and I decided to start building some of the old designs to get Granddaddy some recognition. But I'm through for this trip. That gave me one hell of a torn. And Daddy's going to be mad."

The air show that ended the rally was spectacular. First there was Neumann, flying a re-creation of the 1935 Cleveland Air Races in a miniature of his white Howard DGA monoplane, Mr. Midgton. Then Jim Leahy, John Gossney, Chuck Carothers, Pinky Opp, Bill Dodd and Rhinehart pulled off a series of snap rolls, hammerhead stalls, Immelman turns, chandelles, Cuban eights, loops and hesitation rolls in their fast, gaudily decorated stunt planes. And Dick Willets of Alba, Iowa staged a skiffish clown act in a yellow J-3 Cub, to the accompaniment of such loud-speaker comments as, "Don't stall in the corn—that's SI a bushel!"

But these carnal elements, no matter how stimulating, were somehow anticlimactic. The members of the Antique Airplane Association already had dreamed their dreams. Association President Taylor expressed the spirit of the fly-in well: "We are primarily here to entertain ourselves. This is the main difference between now and the old days. The public isn't part of it anymore. The antique movement is not in that direction. It has turned inward. The movement now is to save the machines. There are no more heroes. It is like bottle collecting. Essentially, what these people are looking for is their heritage." **END**



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Hail, Cesar! and hello

The batting leader enjoys his odd obscurity, but fame is coming

The planet-rattling roars at the All-Star Game were for Willie Mays and Henry Aaron. For Houston's Cesar Cedeño, 21, the most anonymous league-leading .358 hitter in baseball history, Atlanta was merely new testimony to his triumphant obscurity. Mays was decorative in center field, and though he got no hits fans were wary when Cedeño (sub-dane-yo) replaced him, Aaron put the Nationals ahead with his home run, but had Cesar not ripped a savage single to left just before, Henry would have had 1) no tying run on base and 2) maybe no home run, because there were two out. For this, Cedeño, typically, got one paragraph on page eight of the Houston *Post's* sports section.

At last count Cesar had 44 RBIs, 115 hits, 31 stolen bases, 67 runs scored, 23 doubles and 14 home runs. Although he does get some recognition in Houston—the obnoxious scoreboard has taken to calling the Astrodome “Cesar’s Palace”—the rest of the republic is not rendering unto Cesar what is Cesar’s.

It would be hard to imagine this kind of neglect as preexpansion days. Here is an outfielder in his second full season who has a Rogers Hornsby batting average and ranks in the top 10 in four other departments (home runs, runs scored, stolen bases and hits). All things taken together, he can run, throw, field and hit perhaps better than anyone else. So shed some salt for Cedeño—now, before his salary soars.

Astro Domo Harry Walker, who has managed Roberto Clemente, said even before the season opened, “Roberto was the best player I’ve ever had, but Cesar should do more in his first four years than Clemente ever did. He has the catquick wrists all great hitters have. He has bat control. He hits to all fields. He

has no major fault. Instead of hiding from his mistakes like most young players, he likes to talk about them, which is a good sign.”

Perhaps fellow Santo Domingan Jesus Alou, the only other Latin on the club and a pretty fair hitter himself, best describes what it’s like to be 21 and a Cesar Cedeño: “When you’re like Cedeño, you got so much talent in you, you don’t even know how much. I think sometimes more just pops out and surprises even Cesar.”

Cedeño does admit to surprise. Four years before he came up to Houston, where he hit .310 his first season, he was not yet playing baseball regularly. “When I was 15, I was still sitting on the bench in a Santo Domingo junior league,” he says, “and we only played on Sundays. I probably hadn’t played as many as 100 games when I was signed.”

“I didn’t start playing baseball until I was 11. My father didn’t want me to. We had a store, and he wanted me to take care of it, but my mother bought me a glove and spikes, and pretty soon I was playing too much. I had the same feeling any American has. When he finds something he loves to do, he’s content to do it all day, every day.”

In his first tryout with the Astros, Cedeño hit seven balls out of the park. They gave him \$3,000 and sent him to Covington, Va. in the Appalachian League. “There are not many Spanish speakers in Virginia,” Cedeño says drily, “but when you’re young, everything new is interesting. I worked hard to learn English. I watched TV—cowboy movies and cartoons. I learned English from *The Flintstones*.”

In his first game at Covington, Cedeño got five hits. In 36 games he batted .374. They’re still talking about him in Covington. After more seasoning in the lower minors, the Astros gave him a try at Triple A Oklahoma City in 1970. Cesar went berserk. He hit .373, with 14 home runs, 14 doubles and nine triples in the first 54 games. He hit two grand slams in two days. Houston called him up before the sweat was dry. They’re still talking about Cedeño in Oklahoma City.

The big leagues barely put a dent in Cedeño’s hitting and his base-stealing was better than ever—17 in 90 games. If he hadn’t had what for him consti-



tutes a sophomore slump—a .264 average in 1971—they’d be discussing him in Cooperstown.

Not that anyone seems sad they aren’t. “I don’t want so much publicity—so much so soon,” Cedeño says. “I’ve got a lot to learn, and that might interfere.” “So far he’s had an ideal attitude,” says Walker. “He has to want to go to the top of the hill and see all the scenery. Then it’ll be time for publicity.”

Certainly Cedeño does not lack confidence. “If I go 0 for 100,” he says, “I’m sure they can’t get me out next time. If I get four hits a game, I want five. I throw all of myself into baseball.”

Maybe Cedeño should pray his visibility gap never closes. When Joe Morgan got his Most-Valuable All-Star hit, Cedeño was on deck. But, he said later, he would never have had a shot at the glory; he knew Earl Weaver would walk him.

Cocky kid, you say. But that’s just the way Weaver had it planned. Weaver has heard of Cedeño.

THE WEEK by MARK MULVOY

AL EAST Despite his anemic .197 batting average, skinny Shortstop Eddie Brinkman remained Mr. Indispensable in the Detroit lineup. Besides setting a major league fielding record when he handled his 298th consecutive chance without committing an error, Brinkman also won a game with his puny bat. The Tigers had stunned Milwaukee in the first game of a doubleheader on Norm Cash’s three-

run homer with two out in the ninth, then Brinkman won the second game with a two-run single in the eighth.

"Maybe they'll call us Mr. Outside and Mr. Inside," Cash cracked. "Brinkman is the most underrated player in the league," said Mickey Stanley. "If we won it, he should be the MVP." Brinkman now has won five games for the Tigers with clutch stickwork, hits or bunts—in late innings.

Although they lost their next two games to the Brewers, who got a strong pitching job from Jim Lonborg, the Tigers still led Baltimore by $1\frac{1}{2}$ games. The Orioles, who had dropped only 24 home games in each of the last two seasons, lost Nos. 21 and 22 for 1972 as Cleveland beat both Pat Dobson and Dave McNally. Tom McCraw's pinch-hit home run with a man on in the ninth ruined Dobson, and Gaylord Perry's squeeze bunt in the 10th beat McNally.

Losing in such sudden, late-inning fashion obviously nettled Manager Earl Weaver. He asked the umpires to check Perry for the lubrication that all the hitters claim he carries. "Our guys saw Perry getting his slickum from his left wrist," Weaver said. "When the umpire went out, Perry rubbed it on his pants and let them inspect him." Mr. Clean now has a 17-8 record and a 1.69 earned run average, while the other Indian pitchers have a combined 21-44 record.

The Yankees stalled the recent Red Sox surge by taking three of four in New York. Sparky Lyle saved his 20th game, but then lost his third when substitute Boston Catcher Bob Montgomery hit an opposite-field, ninth-inning, three-run homer. Regular Catcher Carlton Fisk also hit a home run for Boston, but the heart of the batting order—Carl Yastrzemski, Reggie Smith and Rick Petrocelli—failed to drive in a single run in New York.

DET 52-36 BAL 31-40 BOS 27 46 44
NY 42-44 CLE 30-52 MIL 37-44

AL WEST Flying into Oakland, the Minnesota Twins figured they were ready to make a pennant charge against the Athletics. For one thing, Harmon Killebrew was unhappy at being omitted from the All-Star team, and when Harmon gets mad he usually vents his anger on baseballs. Also, the Twins still had 11 games left to play against the A's, and, as Manager Frank Quisenberry said, if they won 10 of the 13, Minneapolis.

But Vida Blue was mad, too. At himself. And at his 2-5 record. "My attitude has changed, believe me," Blue said before pitching the opener against the Twins. "The fans are going to see a new Vida. I'm going to equal last year's first half [17-3] in this year's

second half." Blue shut out the Twins for eight innings, then Killebrew smashed a two-run homer in the ninth. But Blue Emer Robie Fingers. And the A's held on to win 4-3. Few knew it was Vida's birthday because league records mistakenly show he was born June 28th—instead of July 28th. Killebrew hit another homer the next night to beat Ken Holtzman, but the A's took the third game of the series and sent the Twins home talking about next year.

By winning three of four from Kansas City, Chicago extended its home record to 16-13, the best in baseball. Dick Allen continued to confine his batting practice to live games and hit three more home runs—25 so far this year. Asked what he thought was a realistic home-run goal, Allen answered, "How about 25?" In the one game Kansas City won, Roger Nelson shut out the White Sox and scored the winning run after breaking up Stan Bahnsen's no-hitter with a two-out single in the eighth.

California shut down the Texas Rangers in three straight games, starting with Nolan Ryan's six-hit, 14-strikeout shutout, and finally gave Second Baseman Sandy Alomar a rest after 365 games. The Rangers, meanwhile, began their latest youth movement by recalling three more minor league players and demoting three veterans. On a positive note, the Rangers finally went ahead of Washington's 1971 attendance for a corresponding number of dates.

OAK 48-38 CHI 52-42 MINN 46-44
KC 48-42 CLE 42-52 TEX 37-55

NL WEST Cincinnati, giving some hope to the Astros and Dodgers, lost two of three games to San Diego, including the longest played so far in Riverfront Stadium. In that 17-inning, four-hour, 4-3 defeat, four Reds were caught stealing and another was picked off first base. Catcher Fred Kendall of the Padres twice threw out Joe Morgan trying to steal. "I had never been thrown out twice in one game before," the All-Star MVP said sorrowfully. The Reds also lost to San Diego's Clay Kirby, who stopped them on five hits, and their record at Riverfront fell below .500. On the road the Reds are 22 games over .500.

Bill Buckner and Manny Mota, who share left field for the Dodgers, fashioned a 3-2 K&O for the Astros. Pitch-hitting, Mota drove in a run and then scored moments later on Buckner's homer off Fred Gladding, who had not thrown a gopher pitch in almost two years. However, the Dodgers' knack of hunching errors was evident again in a 2-2 week. They committed five in three games.

Lurman Harris still was managing the struggling Atlanta Braves, but Eddie Math-

ews was said to be ready and available to replace him. Meanwhile, Denny McLain, lately of the Birmingham A's, picked up the first save of his career by getting the last batter out in a 4-3 win over San Francisco. Faced with a two-right doubleheader followed by an afternoon doubleheader, Atlanta and San Francisco players both protested and the two-nighter suddenly became a single game. And once again Giant Owner Horace Stoneham denied reports that he plans to sell the team. He said, "I'm fed up demanding the rumors."

CIN 56-35 HOUS 53 43 LA 48 43
STL 43-55 SF 42 53 SD 38-57

NL EAST After only one game as manager of the Chicago Cubs, Whitey Lockman clearly was a genius. Taking over from Leo Durocher, 66, whose extraordinary career may or may not have reached a final punctuation point, Lockman immediately banned all card games from the clubhouse and notified the players they would have a strict curfew on the road. Then Ferguson Jenkins went out and pitched a one-hitter against the Phillies in Philadelphia. The hit was a fourth-inning double by Willie Montanez. Said Shortstop Don Kessinger after the game, "If I knew then what I know now, I would have dived for the ball. But it was only the fourth inning so I played it a little cautious." Lockman's genius lost some steam thereafter as the Cubs lost two in a row.

All right, now, who is the best pitcher on the Mets? Tom Terrific, right? Wrong. Remember this name: Jon Trumbauer Matlack. The rookie left-hander shut out the Pirates for 10 innings, improved his record to 10-5 and lowered his ERA to 2.08. He has allowed only one earned run in his last 36 innings. Not surprisingly, Matlack was hardly confident before facing the Bucs in Pittsburgh. "I read that they had a 14-4 record and a .336 batting average against left-handers," he said. "I almost jumped out the hotel window."

After losing to Matlack, the Pirates got mean and beat both Jerry Koosman and Scaver Willie Stargell homered against each, then hit another against the Phillies. Ted Simmons finally signed a contract with St. Louis, and Bob Gibson after 11 straight wins, lost a game. It was Bill Stoneman over Gibson for Montreal, and Mike Torrez followed with a win in New York as the Expos closed to within six games of 500—Gene Mauch's definition of respectability in Philadelphia. Steve Carlton won his 10th straight, shutting out the Cubs 2-0.

PIT 58-25 NY 50-41 CH 48-46
ST. L. 48-48 MONT 42-48 PHIL 34-56

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Browbeating the sport into shape

Maverick Alex MacArthur, who now presides over Illinois racing, is turning up scandalous doings

Since late in 1969 the hearings and processes of the Illinois Racing Board—heretofore as stylized and rehearsed as a Japanese No drama—have become the richest theatrical antic west of Broadway. Thanks largely to the board's chairman, Alexander MacArthur, the IRB has been plowing through corruption with the emancipated exuberance of Kaufman & Hart (George Kaufman and Moss Hart, that is) reworking *The Lower Depths*. In the process Chairman Mac, a sinewy, individualistic man, is becoming as famous for his sayings as Chairman Mao:

- On his investigations into the strange, and sometimes criminal, inner

workings of Illinois racing: "We were comin' up with so much evidence we were like men catchin' fish faster'n we could string 'em. We just kept tossin' 'em in the bottom of the boat."

- On demanding that the lineage of race-track stock ownership be traced to the ultimate owner: "When we talk genetics, I want to know who the stud bulls are."

- On the refusal of the Chase Manhattan Bank to reveal who owned certain stock held in a blind trust: "People were just usin' Chase Manhattan—hell, if you were goin' to open a high-class whorehouse, you'd pick the best address in town, too."

- On finally getting a list of the hidden holders of stock in one track: "Well, I guess we got the baby burped out."

- On the inclination of some trainers to use drugs and some jockeys electric prods to get the most out of horses: "This isn't a race between thoroughbreds. It's a race between chemistry and electricity."

- On accepting the governor's request to become head of the racing board: "I wish to Christ I had lockjaw that day."

So do many other people who liked the cozy old ways of Illinois racing, MacArthur started off with a basic precept: "If you want a good crop, you've got to do some deep plowin'." As board chairman, he tried plowing with everything from his subpoena power—he is the first board chairman ever to use it to threats to revoke racing dates or licenses if he didn't get stockholder information, to more simple and direct devices. To cure an epidemic of late starts at certain tracks, he issued a demand for "one page of explanation for every minute a race is late, to be on my desk at nine o'clock the next morning—six pages for six minutes." Or 45 pages if nine races go off an average of just five minutes late. The tracks quickly came around. It was easier to start on time than to think up suitable excuses for why they couldn't.

Overall, MacArthur has produced notable results, not just colorful rhetoric. He cracked an ultra-secret land trust at Cahokia Downs and found the racetrack was paying 3½ times as much money to this hidden company as it was paying to its shareholders. He helped touch off inquiries that led to the discovery that many ranking Democrats in the state, the governor, Congressmen, federal

judges, state legislators and appointees and party committeemen—had been wheeling and dealing in race-track stock. Former Governor Otto Kerner and three of his top aides are to stand trial in federal court in November on charges stemming from this investigation.

MacArthur has been blocked from time to time in his efforts to clear up the mess: early last month a Circuit Court judge in Cook County ordered him to reinstate a jockey he had barred for associating with known underworld characters. MacArthur is appealing the case. Meanwhile, the mob has given him its ultimate accolade. He has been warned that if he continues his investigations, his life may be in danger and the barns on his land burned. His farm has been under guard by sheriff's police since early in June.

For all this, MacArthur gives an artfully rendered impression of enduring amateurism. He wears \$55 turtle-don cowboy boots, string ties and five-gallon hats. He likes to pop half-speeds on his eyes, peer over them with a quizzical look and shoot a furrowed forehead glance at a witness. "Na-ow Ah'm jest a country boy . . ." he likes to say, while lawyers' eyes glaze over and witnesses cringe and they know that nothing is going to go right that day.

For one thing, Alexander MacArthur is not "jest a country boy." He is a millionaire. His father was a multimillionaire. His Uncle John is a billionaire. And his Uncle Charles was the roaring '20s newspaperman in Chicago who with Ben Hecht wrote *The Front Page*. There was another distant relative not often mentioned because he was merely military, General Douglas MacArthur. After a stint in the family's insurance business, Alex MacArthur took his money and invested in a farm near Algonquin, Ill., where he works 1,490 acres, fattens cattle (1986 he today's count) and harvests 86,000 bushels of corn every year to feed to the cattle ("We're always feedin'") is a slogan on the farm).

Through the years MacArthur has been on the edges of Republican politics. After the G.O.P. candidate, Richard Ogilvie, was elected governor in 1968, he persuaded MacArthur that running the racing board would take only one day a month. ("I'm glad I didn't let you schedule the other 29 days a



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month," he told Oplive later.) The nature of the job was described by another member of the board as "taking a trip through a sewer in a glass-bottom boat." One of the reasons for the corruption was the inclination of past board members to cozy up to track operators and horsemen. "Our old boards were so inbred that they whinnied to each other," MacArthur says. He figured there was no way the horse people could "reach" him, and he set out to clean up the mess. "I'm on a turtle hunt," he snapped, "and I'm gon' to get every turtle if I have to drain the pond dry."

In the course of his investigation of the company that controlled two of the state's major racetracks, MacArthur began to have the feeling that turtles were being laid to confuse him. "I think that this is a mighty long train and I'm ridin' in the cahoots," he said. "But before this is over, I'm gon' to be right up there, ridin' in the engine with the rest of 'em."

By the time he was through taking testimony he found the corporation president, Philip Levin, had personal investments in everything from three casinos in Las Vegas to a mob-connected hotel in Acapulco ("A sunny place for shady people," MacArthur remarked dryly). One thing led to another and before it was over the late Mr. Levin (he died a few days after his final confrontation with MacArthur) was disposing of his interest in those casinos in order to keep his racetracks in Illinois.

MacArthur came in for a few surprises of his own. It turned out that Levin had been subsidizing Republicans; his organization had contributed \$100,000 to various Republican campaign funds in Illinois and only \$5,000 to the Mayor Daley re-election campaign. MacArthur gulped and grunted and his eyes dulled and he cursed for a while. He wasn't involved himself, the record of the racing board made that clear. Six weeks after the checks had been passed, Levin, as Chairman Mac's direction, was forced to sell his gambling interests at a \$700,000 loss.

MacArthur goes to great lengths not to be corrupted. He sends back all racing-oriented Christmas gifts and pays for his food bills at tracks with cash ("I have the feelin' that they'd never get around to sendin' the bill"). He turns down all invitations for "private little

talks" with people in racing, on the theory that they'll turn up with indiscreet proposals or, if they don't, they'll gossip about the talks to encourage the idea that the chairman is willing to entertain such proposals. "The only public man who should hold private audiences is the Pope," he says.

Despite his cracker-barrel manner, MacArthur is skilled at handling all deccents, large and small. When he learned that the operator of one track spread a packet of \$50 wan tickets—on a race already run—before three of his board members, he phoned the track's owners and told them he had a method for solving the problem: "I'll pull your plug—I'll turn off all your lights." He meant it literally: he would pull the plug on the pari-mutuel machines.

He took an equally strong-armed attitude toward a huge pile of manure drying outside some of the barns at Arlington Park. The contractor who handled manure hauling had not shown up for nearly a week, though the track was paying \$2,000 a day to have the area cleaned. MacArthur urged that the contractor get out there quickly because dried manure can become a fire hazard. Three days later—the manure still uncollected—a fire broke out and 33 thoroughbreds were killed. MacArthur was enraged when he discovered the manure was not being cleared even after that. One morning he and some of his farmhands showed up in the stable area and began bailing, packing and loading the manure to haul away. "By that afternoon the contractor was out and all the manure was gone from the stable area," says MacArthur.

Another of the chairman's concerns has been the mutual clerks. Shortly after he joined the racing board he went to cash a \$2 bet for his wife. The clerk handed him the \$3.60 in winnings but failed to include the other \$2, the original investment. MacArthur started an investigation though he was urged to forget such small corruption. "They kept tellin' me there was no way to keep the birds from messin' on the park bench. But I figured it might help to fire a shotgun in that direction." Eventually he found ties between certain mutual clerks and the Mafia ("6 mob-tied cashiers at Arlington," headlined the *Chicago Sun-Times*).

The headline linking racing operations and the Mafia aroused the attention of the FBI. "I really can't say if they were

trolling in my wake or not—they never told me," says MacArthur. But the FBI did enlarge its investigation and, almost routinely, it got around to looking into political influence and racetrack stock ownership. As the evidence grew, it seemed to the feds that some of the people in the administration of Governor Kerner, by now a federal appeals court judge, had "erred" in the way they reported that income on their tax returns.

The FBI asked MacArthur for the records of the racing board for the years when Kerner was governor. MacArthur would have obliged except that when he went to look for them there were no records. Everything from 1962 to 1968, most of the Kerner years, had disappeared. MacArthur began piecing together things as best he could and shipping them over to the Federal Building. His success in dredging up details suggests that there may have been violations of state law as well as of the federal income-tax code.

He says he has done some of his better thinking on the case out in the fields on his farm. "It doesn't take much brainpower to keep a tractor movin'," he explains, "but there's enough noise to keep you awake. When you're sittin' out there on a tractor you have a lot of time to think."

MacArthur wasn't terribly surprised, or upset, at the recent testimony of "Bobby Byrne" about fixed races across the nation. "I'm not much taken by singin' canaries, in cages or out of 'em," he says. He points out that Byrne's reflection on Illinois racing involved alleged fixes long before he took office. But it wouldn't surprise him to find there were fixes. "I wouldn't follow the example of one of my Eastern colleagues and say everything Bobby Byrne said was untrue." He thinks it is not realistic to pretend that racing has no problems. "The Sport of Kings, they call it. And when you look around for the lineage, you find out everybody was horn in Damon Runyon's basement."

MacArthur most of all. He was born to wealth but has overcome the problem and conquered the potuio, if not the daction, of Broadway. But that isn't his concern. And nothing much outside of Illinois racing and the rich cropland he works is his concern. He has more than enough problems around him, or, as he puts it, "I've got all the peas I can hold on my knife."

END



An editor moonlights a racy little boat, the Laser, and lo, bonanza!

Sailing up a storm of \$\$

As anyone knows who has lately raced, say, a mother of five, a father of two and a lass of 13 through the fickle breezes of an American lake—and rejoiced over beating these impromptu competitors—the mini-sailboat is having a big vogue. It costs little, can be carried in the back of a station wagon or on a car top, can be stowed on the shore with minimum fuss, and while the possessors of larger craft are sorting their sails and tuning their spars, the mini-sailor is off and heeling.

First came the Alcott people with their Sunfish and Sailfish, those lucrative ironing boards with postage stamps for sails, then such as the Sea Snark, 11 feet of foam-plastic hull that you could acquire for \$119 across the coun-

ter or for \$88 and the end flaps from a carton of cigarettes.

This year's red-hot flash in the mini-market is the Laser. It is being peeled off fiber-glass molds in Pointe-Claire, Quebec, Tiburon, Calif. and Banbury, England at the rate of 23 boats a working day. It has taken the Laser just 15 months to reach that highly profitable production pace: the Sunfish took more than five years to attain a similar volume. The Laser is 13' 10" overall, carries 76 square feet of sail, and beats, reaches and runs with much vivacity. It weighs 125 pounds and costs \$765, placing it toward the upper end of the mini-price scale. (By comparison the Sailfish, oldest of the new breed, dating from 1947, is 13' 7", has 75 square feet of sail and sells for \$475; the Sunfish, 1956, 13' 10", 75 square feet, \$589.)

The most curious thing about the Laser is that it was designed by the editor of a yachting magazine. As everyone knows, when man bites dog, it's news. When editor bites bonanza, it's unheard of. The editor who has gotten his teeth into the mini-boat boom is Bruce Kirby, boss of the monthly *Yacht Racing*. Kirby, a Canadian and an Olympic sailor, at present lives in Rowayton, Conn., where he puts out his competition-oriented magazine and counts the money coming in from Pointe-Claire, Tiburon and Banbury.

The proceeds are not merely vulgar dollars, for good sailors have been turning up in Lasers, which adds to the pride Kirby has in his boat. Last October, for example, there were 13 world or national champions from other classes in the Laser's first North American championships, held at Baltimore. The event attracted so many entrants that Margo Kirby, Bruce's wife, who was the registrant, "thought I would scream if one more showed up." A Laser rides piggyback aboard the big ocean racer *Black-Jiv*. Another belongs to the former woman sailing champion, Jane Pegel. A top Sunfish sailor, Larry Lewis, switched to the Laser. Kirby himself, as befits the designer and an Olympian, owns two.

"I have a very funny attitude sailing them," he says. "I can finish last in a 20-foot fleet and still feel happy as can be."

Kirby describes the boat as a "people's singlehander, a young people's boat, a now boat." But this is sales pro-

motional talk for a craft that hardly needs it. The Laser goes upwind with surprising power, especially in light air. Downwind it can streak up on a plane. Although equipped with one jointed aluminum mast, one rudder, one centerboard and a single sail, it goes, as one disciple says, "as if it's got 20 of everything."

Kirby was more doodler than marine architect before 1969, when an industrial designer named Ian Bruce phoned that he had a request from a customer who wanted to market a car-top beach boat. Almost by the time Bruce had finished speaking, Kirby had penciled preliminary outlines. He completed the plans in three or four hours and sent them on to Bruce with a note. "I think this little beast can make us some money."

But Ian Bruce's prospective client dropped out and the Laser-to-be languished for a year. Then Kirby's publisher organized a sailing series to test the claims of various mini-boat manufacturers as to which could be assembled on the beach fastest, sailed best and righted from a capsize the quickest.

Within a week Kirby, though a house man and a race judge to boot, had a mold made and a Laser launched for the competition. And as you may have guessed, it rigged faster, sailed more nimbly and turned upright quicker than most of the boats in its division.

At that time the boat was known provisionally as the Weekender. As Bruce and Kirby began talking it up, Bruce decided the name lacked *newness*. He suggested Laser. Kirby's young daughter Kelly, who knew the laser's connotations of light, heat and speed from elementary school, agreed with the switch. "If grade school kids were being taught about lasers," Kirby reflected, "how could we miss?"

Like a streak of light came financial success. It was an unfamiliar feeling for the Kirby family. Learning the newspaperman's craft in Canada, Kirby had become assistant city editor of the *Montreal Star*. He also skied well enough to practice with members of the Canadian Olympic team, and in the 1956 and 1964 Summer Games he represented Canada in singlehanded Finn monotypes. In 1968 in Mexico he sailed a *Star*. Moving to Rowayton in 1965 to become editor of *Yacht Racing*, then known as *On-Design & Offshore Yachting*, he made a reputation in his specialized world as a

continued

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man dependable for sound reporting and incisive judgment. He had earned his experience. Not so long before, he and Margo had hauled from regatta to regatta like gypsies. When gas money dwindled Kirby rolled into darkened filling stations and gleaned precious drops from their hoses. Like some familiar sailing huns he might have cadged bunks and drinks from pals with bankrolls, but never did.

Once, however, he and Margo did accept an invitation to lodge with John Roosevelt, great-grandson of Teddy, during a regatta at Oyster Bay, N.Y. John proved to be a delightful host, which made the Kirbys' embarrassment acute. "We just had to repay his hospitality somehow," says Margo, "but we had only \$5.50 between us and we had to get back to Canada on that. Finally we left the Roosevelts a \$5 book of left-over bar coupons from the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club. It was the only thing we could think of.

"I can remember driving home in a

friend's car from another of those regattas and suddenly realizing, 'What a relief, we can have a blowout without worrying.' " The Kirby car rarely had a spare tire. "I can also remember thinking, 'I'll laugh at this one day.' "

Never formally trained in boat designing, Kirby took it up as a means of relaxation. "I have found," he says, "that the designers of fancy stuff like America's Cup contenders get most of their lines from the test tank and the slide rule and then leave the actual drawing to someone else. I can't do that. I get real satisfaction out of drawing the lines."

Before executing the Liver, Kirby designed a succession of racing dinghies that earned him everything but large royalties. From five International 14 models designed by Kirby, hundreds have been built. They have captured the esteem of that lively cult by winning regattas ranging from local events to meets of international caliber. Englishman Jeremy Pudney is a master of the 14s, and

among his hulls has been one from the drawing board of Bruce Kirby.

Kirby also designed a small offshore racer, which put his bank balance at half-staff when the buyer bailed out at bill-paying time. Additionally, Kirby conceived the Lollipop, half toy, half sailing trawler, meant for his daughters Janice and Kelly. The 6' keelboat handled so easily that the children learned to sail, from scratch, in just one day. There is now talk that the Lollipop might be worth a million dollars to Kirby as an \$89.50 merchandising come-on, much like the Sea Snark, the best-selling sailboat in the universe.

In this summer of 1972 Bruce and Margo Kirby own a brand-new automobile with splendid tires and are strangers to nocturnal gas hoses. The other day, reports a colleague, Kirby was prying a Connecticut mansion on an especially attractive waterfront site. The price was O.K., the informant continues, but Kirby didn't like the cut of the hedges.

END

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A photograph of a tropical scene. In the foreground, the bow of a small boat with a white hull and a red stripe is visible, moving through green water. The background is filled with dense, lush green trees and foliage. The sky is a pale blue with some white clouds. The title text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

Leapin' Lizards! and Other Toothsome Fauna

A Costa Rican odyssey starring 'Oceanea,' a homely cousin of 'African Queen,' some other dubious transport and innumerable sports of sorts by **ROBERT F. JONES**

CONTINUED

Costa Rica is a wacky little country where everyone goes bananas—oops, *grow* bananas!

No, that's not quite it. How about this one? If Edna Ferber's novel *Giant* had been set in Costa Rica instead of in Texas, she would have titled it *Dwarf*.

Nope, not yet. One more try. Take a sportsman's vacation in this barmy Central American republic and watch the Costans grow Rica by the minute!

Well, three strikes are out in any league, but there is a certain amount of truth in all the above generalizations. During a recent two-week tour with rod and gun through the "sportsman's paradise" of Costa Rica, this American sportsman encountered plenty of bananas (both edible and laughable), bagged an abundance of fish and game (all of it dwarfed by comparison with the tourist brochure photographs) and probably paid off the Costa Rican national debt in the process. Nonetheless, it was a fortnight to remember—particularly the fourth night, when the iguana tried to eat the boat. But more about that later.

Five distinct Adventures took place during the two weeks in Costa Rica, and each must be treated separately so as to convey the proper balance of romance and danger.

Before launching into the particulars,

it would be helpful to place Costa Rica in a geographical, historical and sociological context. This tropical, West Virginia-sized republic, sandwiched between Nicaragua on the north and Panama on the south, was discovered in 1502 by Columbus on his fourth voyage. The great discoverer was hoping to find gold and much to his disappointment found none. Indeed, there was no gold—the baubles worn by the coastal tribes had reached Costa Rica by trade with Mexico and Panama. This fact made it easier for the Conquistadores to rub out the Indians in good conscience.

The Ticos—as Costa Ricans are known from their habit of placing a Spanish diminutive ending on every other noun—are generally a happy, helpful lot. Though handmade oxcarts still do most of the hauling in the backcountry, one sees little of the grinding poverty evident elsewhere in Latin America. Outside of the major cities—San Jose, the capital, with a population of 612,000; Cartago (198,000); Puntarenas (210,000)



The wonders of Costa Rica are many. You can shoot and then savor a gristly quana at \$10.42 per inch, wade after duck in a thin wet line up to your sternum in snakes, tremble to the cries of jaguar and ocelot and drag deer into camp by jacklight and sawlight.



and Liberia (189,000)—the 20th century atmosphere of neon and plastic rapidly gives way to the 19th, which is compounded of burnt gunpowder, cattle sweat and freshly chopped wood.

Not the least of the joys in traveling through rural Costa Rica is a sense of having been transported backward in time to pioneer America, with all its courage, self-reliance and cruelty. The machete replaces the ax, but it is just as sharp: the rifle may burn smokeless powder, but it is just as trusty—and rusty—as great granddad's Hawken. The psychic echoes vibrate at every bend: a troop of drovers cantering their ponies through the Brahma country, sitting on their mounts with the fluidity of men who spend 12 hours a day in the saddle; a dug-out canoe racing the dusk down a jungle river, paddled by a drunken woman who is singing as she transports her snoring husband home from the trading post; a homesteader shucking the armor from an armadillo he has surprised and beheaded in his corn patch—meat for the

pot. Ah, yes. The Ticos at work and the Ticos at play. Like their gringo cousins of a century ago, there is little to distinguish between the two conditions, as the following Adventures hope to disclose.

NIGHT OF THE IGUANA

"You don't know what lonesome is," said Dr. Ken Hayes, "until you try to declaw an ocelot." The good doctor was hunched hugely over a rum and water in the bar of the Hotel Cayuga, explaining his reasons for giving up a \$150,000-a-year veterinary practice in Los Angeles in favor of life as an expatriate freebooter in Costa Rica. Outside, the night life of Puntarenas, Costa Rica's principal Pacific seaport, was switching on: ambitious shoeshine boys sizing up the passing footwear like so many Hispanic Horatio Algiers; hardhanded commercial fishermen squinting the day's sunlight from their eyes; garrulous gaggles of Japanese merchant sailors waddling to the brothels. And coveys of fantasizing Ticos, manacled and bursting with a pretty narveté, were indulging themselves in the ancient Latin rite of the *pasero*—the evening parade of pulchritude.

"Nice-looking gals," allowed Hayes, "but my old lady is a Tica and I don't even dare to look—the word gets around fast." He grinned his Ward Bond grin, the scar on his right cheekbone winking like a long third eye, and continued with his lament. Prissy poodles, contemptuous Siamese cats, the sick undercurrent of anthropomorphism and covert bes-

tiality—all had finally combined to drive him Puntarenasward. He had tried commercial fishing, and though there was adventure in it, there was little money and much too much work. "I fished tiger sharks for a while," he said. "The only bait they would take was chunks of rotten porpoise. We'd get the porpoises running up under the bows, you know the lovely way they do it, and harpoon them. We'd murder poor old Flipper a dozen times a week and cut him up for shark bait. Oh yes, the quality of Dr. Dolittle!"

Now Hayes runs the Jesucita Island Resort, a cozy, low-key and totally isolated establishment about an hour's run across the Gulf of Nicoya from Puntarenas. His pretty Tica girl friend, Cristina, a small staff of superlative cooks and bottle washers two rambunctious dogs, an alley cat as aloof as its Siamese cousins and a raucous green parrot make up the ménage, as we discovered the following morning when we repaired to Jesucita with Hayes. After a day of fishing off the Negritos Islands—sierra mackerel up to seven pounds and a shark that straightened a 10-0 hook—we set off at dawn for the Tempisque River, at the head of the gulf. Our vessel was Hayes' 32-foot diesel launch, *Oceanus*, a ruckety stinkpot that would make *The African Queen* look like *The Express Threader*. Hayes had decked her out in red, white and blue, but the final touch was almost too much: eyelashes on the pilothouse windows and at the waterline a Cupid's bow mouth. "She only draws four feet," Hayes ex-

continued



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN GREEN-ARDYMAN



Leapin' Lizards! *continued*

plained with the self-deprecating shrug of the ardent shipowner, "so we can get quite a way up the Tempisque—up to the howler monkeys and the parrots, where it all looks like right out of *Bambi*, *The Jungle Boy*. There's some big snook in the river, but we've never been able to get them to take. The tides are weird and the water's murky. Still, there's plenty of birdlife, and iguanas till hell won't have it. We'll zap an iguana for lunch. Last time I was up there, I killed three of them, each at least six feet long. They taste just like chicken."

Perking our way up the gulf, we passed a long, hilly island on which the signs of cultivation were tidily evident. "That's the San Lucas Golf and Country Club," explained Hayes. "Actually the local prison. Believe me, it ain't Attica by a long shot. The prisoners have the run of the island—they even have keys to their own cells, so their buddies can't steal from them when they're out. Their families can visit, in fact they can stay all the time if the prisoner can afford the rent, which is dirt cheap."

"How's a guy get in jail in this country?" asked Mel McNeal, one of Hayes' guests. McNeal, 36, is a strawberry farmer from Hamilton, Mont. who drifted down to Costa Rica on a whim when the snow began to fly in the Butte Mountains. A husky, slow-spoken man with a ruddy mustache and a lip full of Copenhagen snuff, he was the perfect counterpoint to the Costa Rican wilds: a latter-day gringo frontiersman, he had hunted elk and fished cutthroat trout in the land of Bridger and Fitzpatrick. Casual and competent, he exemplified the best of the old America and much of its tragedy. His second wife had just left him. "Women just don't fit into the mountains," he said.

And the *Oceanera*, painted woman that she was, just barely fit into the Tempisque. Riding the flood tide up the river, the launch skittered over sandbars and past mangrove-legged islands bright with birds: curlews and flamingos, cranes and snipe, sandpipers, kingfishers, roseate spoonbills drifting like flying powder puffs across the late-afternoon skies. Herons young and old. And above them, the circling hawks, ospreys and vultures endemic to the Costa Rican skies. From time to time, glittering shoals of shrimp danced ahead of the bow wave, and butterfies with six-inch wingspans rode the

thermals rising from the smokestack.

The overhanging boughs of the jungle trees carried plenty of snoozing iguanas, and as the sunlight turned yellow, then pale pink, we put out in a boat to shoot one. To Mel, the elk slayer, it looked just a touch too easy. But at his first shot with the .22 rifle, the iguana merely shrugged and ran off into the un-

ties shaking in the moonlight and its long, black claws searching for a purchase in my groin. As Little Orphan Annie says, "Leapin' lizards!" A machete solved the problem, and the iguana tasted just fine the following day—not like chicken, as Ken Hayes had advertised, but more like rabbit.

On the way back up the gulf that



derbrush—probably to die. The second iguana was hit just behind the eye, but it fell into the river beside the boat and disappeared. The third iguana, which used all the protection of its snoozing branch to avoid the bullet, dropped into the boat, thrashing insanely with its brain blown out. A few slams with an empty Coke bottle subdued it. No real pride in zapping an iguana—rather, a great deal of shame in being so sloppy at the sport—but at least we had meat, and had taken it in the manner of the Ticos. Or so we thought.

About nine o'clock that night, with the moon just rising full over the chirp of tree toads and the slapping of snook on their feed in the river, we decided to dress out the iguana, which was still lying in the small boat. I jumped down into the boat and grabbed the iguana by its tail—and Katie bar the gate! The crater came flailing and snapping toward my arm, as alive as ever it was on a tree limb, livelier in fact, its spiny wat-



No outdoor sport is more peaceful, more contemplative, more pastoral than trout fishing. But don't test this credo on the foaming mad waters of the Rio Grande de Orozi. The voracity of the rainbows—and the anglers—is in keeping with the character of the torrent.

night, a pod of porpoises intercepted the *Oceana*, darting up beneath her bow to take a ride on the wave. The water was phosphorescent, and the quick, agile shapes of the playing animals were greener than an ancient church steeple. "Damn if I haven't forgotten my harpoon," yelled Hayes, leaning out of the pilothouse. "But what the hell, I'm through with tiger sharks anyway." Sure, Ken—if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Parsing out his bill the following day, it seemed that—including the logistics—our six-foot iguana had cost \$10.42 an inch. Good thing we weren't hunting alligators.

A HUNT WITH MAJOR MORAL

His full title was Major Eduardo Francisco José Rodrigo Jesús Jaime Mora Alfaro, Director, Guardia Rural, and it was just about a quarter of an inch longer than he was tall. We called him Major Moral for short. A plumpish coxcomb of 39, the major is, by his own admission, one of Costa Rica's champion hunters. "Me campeé!" he would announce during lulls in the conversation, throwing out his chest and thumping it. "In 1965 campeé de jaguar for all of Costa Rica! In 1970, campeé de pig for the Atlantic Zone! Me campeé!" Thump!

We were camped in a cow pasture at the western end of Cabo Santa Elena near the Murciélagos Islands—*murciélagos* being Spanish for bat—up near the Nicaraguan border. It was a harsh and beautiful country, with barren hills thrusting up from the dense selva like the tattered pages of burned monks. In addition to Major Moral, the party consisted of the major's brother, Elias, 34, a spry and wiry electrical engineer from San José; the major's driver, Carlos Del-fin, 29, a lithe *pisotero* who affected a black and yellow, jaguar-patterned hunting shirt; and the Brothers Bonilla—Cury, 42, the world's williest, most bloodthirsty certified public accountant, and Sergio, 22, a second-year dental student and graduate sadist. Sergio was the most complex: fragile as an altar boy and possessed of a gloomy ecological concern for the future of his country's wildlife, he nonetheless was the most competitive and accomplished killer of the lot. No sooner had we arrived near the campsite than Sergio spotted a bronze-backed, spade-headed snake slithering into the brush. "Mocuará!" he

exulted, whipping out his .22 automatic pistol and popping four shots at the moccasin. It escaped unhurt. A few minutes later, over beer and sardines, he was lamenting that, "We Costa Ricans are killers, not conservationists."

The self-accusation was as accurate as Sergio's usually smack-on aim. Hunting for signs during the lemon-colored twilight, we found the seats and pad prints of deer and coyote, plus those of peculiarly Central and South American animals I had never before hunted, such as the splayed, three-toed prints of the tapir, which reaches 600 pounds, and the humanoid hand prints of the coati-mundi, a long-snouted relative of the raccoon. Wearing head lamps like those used by coal miners and armed with pistols, Cury and Sergio prowled the jungle after dark, flashing the amber eyes of an animal they were sure was an ocelot. No shot. Then they turned their beams on the surf of the Bahía Santa Elena, near whose shores we were camped, and Cury cast a headline for sharks. The hook was baited with a chunk of mortadella left over from supper. The sharks seemed to savor the sausage with more gusto than the diners had, but Cury was unable to hook them

up. The rustling of countless hermit crabs, some housed in conch shells the size of softballs, echoed his discontent.

By first light the following morning, we were hacking our way through the selva at the base of a bald-topped hill to take our stands for a deer drive. Major Moral's four rent-a-dogs—two beagles and a pair of liver-colored hounds—stood eagerly downwind of the guns, ready to course the hillside cover and push the deer into range. Or so claimed the major. Sergio took the toughest, most direct approach to the hilltop, but his machete *machismo* proved hapless. No sooner had he slashed his way through the morning-glory tangle guarding the

continued



At Parícutina on the east coast the tarpon—thousands of them—can be reluctant about self-sacrifice. If so, there are other phenomena to observe, among them an ancient German named Wilhelm Bauer, who is missing one eye and all his teeth but none of his ferocity.



Leapin' Lizards! continued

hilltop than we saw two deer fade like smoke into the woods above. A bit more subtlety on the approach route might have bagged us a fair-sized buck. But the morning was not a total washout. Elias Mora knocked off a costimundi with a full-choked pattern of buckshot, reducing it to tatters. The beads of blood on its thick, dark coat attracted dragonflies longer than darning needles and black bumblebees the size of sparrows. "Even the bugs of Costa Rica like meat," giggled Major Mora.

The afternoon was a pursuit race as we chased Sergio on a long, hot, unproductive hike through the hills. The scenery, however, was magnificent—a cross between Kenya and Wyoming, with a paranoid hint of Vietnam in the tall, slashing elephant grass. Banana-frond valleys rose to barren ridges. Clouds of gaudy *mariposas*—much lighter a word in Spanish than "butterflies"—gave way to breezy slopes where parrots flushed in stiff-winged indignation. We waded our way up a stream bed, pausing beside the few clear pools. The Ticos drank the water while the gringos wondered: "Agua pura, vino brevis?" Sergio hacked off a few lengths of a bejuco vine, and we drank the water that dripped from it. "Good for the kidneys," said our medical expert.

After dinner that evening, Sergio suggested a night hunt and a look at the sea turtles that lay their eggs this time of the year along the Playa Blanca, a five-mile, half-moon beach that flanked the Pacific just to the west of us. We stiffened our resolve with a few raw turtle eggs, which had been given to us. Peel the Ping-Pong ball shell off the egg, drop the glutinous green yolk in a glass with a dollop of ketchup, a dash of tabasco, a few grains of pepper and a squeeze of lime, then gulp it down without wincing. Nothing renders a man for a walk among the snakes of Costa Rica better than *hervor de tortuga*.

Within half an hour Sergio's head lamp had frozen the eyes of a deer grazing no more than 200 yards from the trail. Sergio switched off the light and we clambered through dense thornbush and over downed hardwoods to get closer. Click! On went the light. The eyes were still there. No way of telling if they belonged to a buck or a doe but, as Sergio liked to say, "Here we have no conservation, only killing." Sergio blazed away, the two flashes of his shots freezing the deer in its grotesque, final leap. The eyes thrashed out. I finished the deer, ambivalently, with another charge of buckshot. It proved to be a button buck weighing no more than 80



Jerry Thornhill, an ex-Texan and ex-sabermonger, operates his well-appointed fishing camp, Rancho Estero Azul, near the mouth of the placid Sierpe River where snapper and trout abound. A short run out along the rocky coastline is roosterfish country.



pounds, its antlers a scant three inches in length. Not a deer to be proud of, but then we were trying to do it Costa Rican fashion.

Lashing the huck to the roof rack to discourage hungry coyotes, we drove to the beach and proceeded afoot. A waning moon lit the whole scene with silver. The streams feeding into the ocean clattered with baitfish pursued by snappers and snook. After a mile or more of walking, we crossed the wide track of a sea turtle that had come in from the water and we followed it up to where she lay in her nest. The eggs were already dropping steadily. Her breathing was harsh against the whisper of the surf. Her back and head were crusted with sand, but the gelatinous tears that have moved men for centuries with images of forlorn motherhood flowed through the crust as steadily as the eggs themselves fell. When the last egg had fallen, the turtle covered her nest carefully and waddled off a few yards to scrape out a false nest as a distraction to the coyotes who were waiting in the bush, anticipating their own feast of *Anas de tortuga*. Though we could not rightly blame them, we walked around the nest to spook them off with human scent, then escorted the lady back to the sea. She disappeared slowly, like a reef beneath a rising tide.

More deer and a raft of ducks fell to

our guns in the succeeding two days. The duck hunt was memorable for one telling scene. We were shooting in a 200-acre swamp of water lilies, dragonflies, snakes and blue-wing teal, underlaid with the foulest-smelling, gooiest mud in Christendom. The Costa Ricans do not use skiffs or retrieving dogs in their duck hunting, so we all waded out into the marsh and started shooting to flight the ducks. Then, as they swung round and round above and behind us, we dropped them in the wildest anti-aircraft barrage since the Battle of Iron Bottom Bay. It was lonely and tough, almost deep in the warm, reeking water, taking the high doubles with one eye out for snakes. But Major Moral never lost his military bearing, never once broke step during the long marshy march. He is certainly the only man in Latin America who can strut convincingly while up to his sternum in snakes. How did he do it? "Me campeón," Major Moral announced that night, thumping his chest, "Campeón of ducks and other animals."

THE OTHERS OF THE ORBIT

Of all the outdoor sports, none is more peaceful, more contemplative or gentle than trout fishing—or so runs the tradition established by Dame Juliana Berners and Sir Izaak Walton. The gentle splashing of the stream over its mossy bed, the delicate rise of the aristocratic

trout as it cannily judges the verisimilitude of the feathery offering, the angler calmly puffing on his beaver as he subdues his noble prey, then compassionately releases it—these are the treacly clichés of the sport. Well, in Costa Rica they got plenty of trout, but nobody ever heard of Izaak Walton.

The Trout Adventure appeared at first glance to offer a quiet counterpoint to the blood-and-guns powder vibes of the hunt with Major Moral. Instead, it proved far more dangerous and dehydrating, and incalculably more productive. Costa Rica's trout, which are mainly rainbows planted back in the late 19th century, inhabit the craggy sluiceways of the 12,000-foot cordillera, swift and surly rivers that believe in running straight downhill. Just to get to the rivers from their steep, flanking ridges requires the balance and courage of the proverbial bighorn. Ah, but once you're down among them . . .

We rendezvoused an hour before dawn in an all-night coffeepot in central San José, just across from the plaza. The night people were still out in force—sneering spivs in dittyhop hats and their Naugahyde girl friends, sucking down coffee and waiting for dawn to drive them back into their holes. Our merry band, by contrast, was all grins and camaraderie. We dubbed them "The Magnificent Seven." Their leader was Car-

continued

los (Keko) Rodríguez, 28, the manager of a local fishing tackle shop called GIL-CA. The second in command was a jovial, slab-checked ironworker, Vicente Sozela, whose nickname was Cochise. The others were Miguel Naranjo, a Bic pen salesman; Nando González, an architectural draftsman; Paco Rojas, a dealer in Jeep parts; Alfredo Ruiz, a chemistry student at C.R.U.; and John Heggi, a wandering construction worker from Chicago who spends his winters fishing the offbeat corners of Latin America. All but Heggi were members of Costa Rica's national fishing club, whose motto seems to be, "Kill everything in the river before your buddies get there."

Coffee consumed, we headed into the mountains. "These guys are something else," warned Heggi. "The first three times I fished with them, I got skunked while they came up with about 10 trout apiece. After the first time, with the climbing and scrambling over the rocks and all, I couldn't bend my legs the next day. I swore I'd never fish with them again, but here I am." A watery sunrise was just breaking through chilly rain when we reached the first fishing spot, and the roar of the Rio Oroso some 500 feet below the oiled road sounded like a squadron of 747s. A cast-iron ladder helped us over the lip of the cliff and down the first 50 feet, but then it was every man for himself. While the gringos wore holes in the seats of their pants, Keko led his pals down the scree slopes with the agility of Giles Goat-Boy. Slick mud and loose volcanic rock made the going even slower. By the time the gringos reached the river, Keko already had four plump rainbows dangling from his belt strings and was casting furiously with a bronze Mepps spinner for more. Cochise squatted like an Apache atop a mammoth boulder, a coffee can of night crawlers dangling from his neck as he drifted worms through the likelier pools. Zingo? A hookup, and his golden, snaggy grin illuminated the gloomy gorge like lightning.

Within 20 minutes, the Magnificent Seven had cleaned out half a mile of river, and would have gone upstream for more if the current had not proved unwadable. In these wasp-waisted narrows, the water was more powerful than a fire-hose blast. Back up the mountain scrambled the Seven, kicking, shoving and whooping with glee. Cochise bran-

dished his string of trout as if they were fresh-cut scalps.

The next stop proved easier of access—it could be reached by wading down a feeder stream filled with driftwood tangles and slime-covered boulders—and thus more productive for the gringos. There it was found that the voracity of the Oroso's trout was in keeping with the strength of its water. Though the fish were not large—three pounds was the biggest taken—they were thick-bodied and agile, using the powerful current to help strip line off the drag in their long, leaping runs. Their appetites were insatiable, and for the purist who insists that a wild trout is selective in its choice of flies or streamers, we offer this inventory of one piscine stomach. When he opened his first trout, John Heggi found within it: four canned sardines, three slices of boiled potato, a garbanzo pea and two filter tips. All leftovers, no doubt, from the lunch of a farmer who had dumped his garbage upstream.

In two hours of fishing (part of which included the rock climb in and out), the Magnificent Seven killed 68 trout. Keko was high man with 21. On the way back down to San Jose, we stopped at an open-air resort called Los Patios to lunch on a few of them. While the trout were cooking, the Seven polished off three bottles of rum and a dozen plates of *bocas*, the tasty, hot *hors d'oeuvres* that are Costa Rica's answer to the free lunch of yesterday. The trout were crisp and pink-fleshed, and between bites Keko amused the company with dialect impressions of Costa Rican presidents, past and present. When that began to pall, he climbed on the table and crowed like a rooster, cackling and scratching between cock-a-doodle-does. Almost instantly, a pair of real roosters emerged from a nearby barnyard and began fighting in the road outside Los Patios. Chairs toppled and rum spilled as the Magnificent Seven dashed out to watch the battle, placing and laying off bets on the ultimate winner even as they ran. And so we leave them, Trout Kings of the Oroso, just a hunch of normal, healthy Tacos . . .

THE TARPON GAME AT PARISMINA

The best time to fish tarpon on the Caribbean side of Costa Rica is during the month of April—"the dry season," as Carlos Barrantes, the nation's ranking tarpon expert, calls it. Well, assume it is the height of the dry season at Barrantes'

tarpon camp on the Parismina River. Lew Newberry, a 35-year-old sportsman out of Pound Ridge, N.Y., and Fort Lauderdale, Fla., stands wringing wet in a 12-foot skiff, plugging through the cloud-bursts for tarpon. Now and then he foul-hooks a coconut tree or a drowned pig drifting past in the muddy flood. The skies to the east, where the weather is making, look dark as a squirt-gun barrel; the mountains to the west are only hearsay. Newberry grumbles between casts: "Whoever heard of paying \$185 for an airline ticket and \$60 a day for nothing more than a nonstop shower?" Then just as one squall squashes past and another loads its buckets, Newberry gets a solid hit—the tarpon's trademark, like hooking a bucket of cement as it falls from a 20-story building. Instant Dey Look!

The tarpon comes surging out of the water with the roar of a giant partridge, scales flashing and gill plates rattling. "Gooch!" yells Lew with great faith in his 15-pound line as he socks the fish five, six times. A dozen jumps and half an hour later the fish is finished: a 65-pound "schoolie." "Let's release him," Newberry says as the fish rolls exhausted alongside.

"No, no," says Ferdinando González González, the guide. "We eat him." But the killing club is missing from the boat. Newberry lip-gaffs the fish and then coshes it with an empty bottle of Tropical beer, which bursts like a brown grenade on about the fifth swing. A second bottle finishes the job, and as it dies the tarpon pours gallons of milt into the river and the heat. Nando, the guide, studies the dead fish critically and discovers a minuscule rip in its abdomen. "This *sá-hufo* sick," he announces. "We no eat him." So the tarpon ends up on the riverbank, a Lucullan order of unarmatured herring for the jungle folk.

For five straight days the rain thrummed down and the tarpon rolled—hundreds, maybe thousands of them, surging and sucking air in the turbid waters of the Parismina and its clearer tributaries—but only rarely did they deign to hit. Like the rest of Costa Rica, however, the Parismina Tarpon Rancho is a multilevel experience. If the fishing was bad, the scene more than made up for it, what with the flat, triple-canopy rain forest full of surprises: sudden orchids, trees that looked like porcupines, snakes and alligators and butterflies bright as

a mesaline trip. And there was always the small stuff, such as snook, machaca and guapote, the latter a colorful, flat-bodied relative of the South American peacock bass. Of course, the management told the usual "shoulda-been-here-last-week" tales to explain the tarpons' reluctance. "Last week one party boasted 50 tarpon in five days," explained Bill Baxter, a nonfisherman from Oregon who runs the Rancho during its four-month (January to April) season.

The Rancho itself is a termite-gnawed dormitory painted the same shade of blue that the skies resolutely were not. It stands in a glossy field of tarpon scales just above the flood mark of the Parismina's mouth. The town surrounding the Rancho consists of tin-roofed houses, peopled by the local gaudes, their pretty and usually pregnant ladies, beautiful babies, combative chickens, well-fed cattle and horses, plus some of the world's largest insects. When a beetle the size of a tennis ball assaulted the screens one evening, Mrs. Baxter explained gaily: "They got a big starter on their snouts and they don't get out of the way for no one. If six or seven of 'em hit ya, I'm out, it's Goodby Crool World!"

But perhaps the most interesting of Parismina's phenomena is Wilhelm Bauer, an ancient, half-blind and nearly deaf German who has survived on the Parismina's mucky strand far longer than the Tarpon Rancho. "I lost my left eye and I also lost most of my hearing to an artillery barrage in the 1914-18 war," he explained one day, in quite literate German, during a lull between rain barrels. "After that, I was an animal trapper—for the zoos—in the Sudan and the Congo. I went out to Bengal to trap but discovered there was better money in the opium business. That brought me to San Francisco, and from there I started running guns into Nicaragua, just for sport, mind you, not revolution. But the Somozas thought otherwise. I've been here in Costa Rica, on and off, for 36 years. I love the jungle, the animals and I love the fish. I kill the fish to stay alive, but I love them. The people are somewhat different."

Tears formed on his weathered cheek. "I'm 83 years old now and I cannot discern faces beyond two meters; I cannot hear very well. The people here, they play tricks on me. They wait until my back is turned and then they take my fish." He gestured toward his home, a

thatch-roofed boothhouse without siding where he lives with his canoe and, perhaps, a fading portrait of the Kaiser.

"Last week they stole my teeth. My teeth! When I was young, I was capable of killing a man by poking my forefinger through his chest—here, like this!" He pokes; it hurts. A finger as strong as a railroad spike. He smiles, slyly, without a tooth in his head. His arms, extruded like anchor cables from his faded, sleeveless sweatshirt, are those of a 25-year-old carpenter.

On the last day at Parismina, the tarpon begin to cooperate. The rains have slackened in the mountains to the west. The river is clearing. Up at Pacuare, half an hour's run by motorboat, there are four fish on at the same time in as many boats. One of the fish belongs to Liz Rawlins, a fisherman of considerable charm but little experience, at least with tarpon. We conduct a running interview while she fights the fish.

"I'm 53 years old and I hate the PTA," she yells while the tarpon strips off line. "My husband, this bearded stud who's grinning at me here in the boat, is a rancher in Chico, Calif. He likes to fish but he doesn't like me to talk a lot. If you have a teen-aged daughter, look out—they get kind of freaky."

The tarpon sounds and begins dragging the boat up the lagoon toward Limón, 40 miles away. Has Mrs. Rawlins done much fishing?

"Cutthroat trout in the Yellowstone, coho salmon in British Columbia and the Queen Charlotte Islands," she shouts, struggling to tighten the drag. The tarpon suddenly rises—the line angling ominously upward—and leaps in a clatter of lips. "I might mention that I'm a Cheerio freak. My life was empty until I discovered Cheerios, with a little nonfat milk on them. Now I can't wait for it to be morning so I can have my Cheerios. I used to walk my husband out to the truck to say goodbye in the morning, but now I hang back and have another bowl of Cheerios. It's almost ruined our marriage, but I think he understands."

He nods and smiles an affirmation through his beard.

What does Mrs. Rawlins plan to do with her tarpon, if and when she boats it?

"Right now I wish it would just go away, though I suppose it's trying to do just that. If I can, I'll release it. But

I think the creep is hooked 'way down in the gullet. Thus we'll probably have to kill it, sad to say."

Which she does, after an hour and a half of ever-deepening silence on both her part and that of the fish. "I'm whipped," she says, finally, and at that very moment the tarpon rolls belly up. The fish, which will weigh in at 91 pounds on the Rancho's rusty scale, is draped over the bows—a silver badge of honor bright against the flaking green aluminum. The skies are darkening again, more rain in the offing.

On the ride back down from Pacuare, we see a dugout canoe struggling against the current. The paddler hangs close to the banks—within two meters—and his arms are as thick as a begonia vine, but he is making at best a quarter of a knot. It is Wilhelm Bauer, but where is he going?

"To Limón," he says, his slow but steady stroke uninterrupted. "It will take me two days, but I must buy my new teeth." He giggles a bit madly and continues up the river.

DOWN THE SIERPE

The Sierpe River has its origins in a small, clear pond surrounded by bird-of-paradise thickets some 25 miles from the Pacific Ocean. Peering down into the water as you cast unproductively for snook, which roll occasionally like great wounded torpedoes in the dragonfly heat of the day, one can watch the dwarf life of Costa Rica at its best. Crayfish, insect larvae, wolfpacks of minnows no longer than a thumbnail savaging their way through the filmy fleets of plankton that make of the pond a rich soup caldron.

We were fishing the Sierpe from source to mouth as our last Adventure. Jerry Thornhill, a reformed Texan who runs the only well-equipped fishing camp on Costa Rica's Pacific side, was our guide—a freckled, large, literary-minded man of 48 who had split from Texas "as soon as I realized what it was all about," to duty in the submarine service during World War II, followed by jobs in Alaska, Wyoming and Utah that confirmed him in his reclusiveness. Costa Rica became an inevitability. Over the last decade, Thornhill built his Rancho Estero Azul near the mouth of the Sierpe. It stands as a modest monument to what can be done by a sensitive outdoorsman in a land where practically

continued

anything is possible. On the esthetic side, which in Costa Rica must include nature, Thornhill's camp is home to birds and bees as well as good fishing and excellent cuisine. Howler monkeys below a wonderful, *bosco profundo* counterpoint to his wistfulness. Lizards rattle through the thatched roofs of the guest cottages, scuttling up those late, few moon-queens that might have had leeching in mind. Praying mantises keep the other insects down, and over a breakfast as ample as any in Dallas, one can watch hummingbirds feasting on their equivalent of ham and eggs under the banana-front eaves. "I used to think they were sipping dew from the roof," Thornhill said one morning. "But I looked closer and by damn they were eating bugs."

On the technical side, Thornhill provides all the transport—and expertise the fishermen needs. Skiffs powered by 18-horse outboards for the river fishing, which includes snapper, snook, corvina and machaca in the estuary, roosterfish, sierra mackerel, jack crevalle, bonita and grouper in the clear waters just outside the Sierpe's mouth. For the offshore trade, a 35-foot sportfishing boat can reach marlin, sailfish, dolphin, wahoo, tuna and sharks in blue water no more than two hours from camp. And Thornhill sometimes knows where they are, which is the most that can be said for any fishing expert.

"Our most reliable fish are the pargo in the estuary and the gallo just offshore—the snapper and the roosterfish, respectively," Thornhill admits. "But we've taken some big sail on the outside near Isla de Cuñas—boated one that weighed nearly 200 pounds just a few weeks ago. And the biggest snook ever caught came out of this river—a 69½-pounder." There is a snook decoy on the wall of Jerry's dining room that he claims is unique. "They use these things on the Atlantic side. They float it from a chain dangling from a tree branch and it holds rights there in the current. Sometimes it draws other snook, big ones and little ones. Then they harpoon the big ones. I'm told they kill 'em up to 25 pounds over there with these decoys. I've never tried it here yet, but as far as I know they're the only fish decoys in the world."

Perhaps we should have given the decoy its first West Coast tryout that day in the Laguna Sierpe—nothing else worked. After two scorchingly fruitless

hours on the laguna, we drifted down the river in search of machaca. The machaca is a Central American member of the Brycon genus, it resembles the shad. Trolling up the Chocoma, one of the Sierpe's many narrow tributaries, our party hooked 10 of them, each one a leaping, book-bating reprobate more active than the testiest tarpon. Red Henderson, a guest of Thornhill's from New Jersey, lost three lures to the machacas. Of the five he hooked, he released two. "It's a funny thing that happens in your heart during a fight with a good fish," he said as we drifted further downstream. The jungle was thick on both sides now, and the Jesucristo lizards were leaping from the downed trees to run across the water with their strange, quick dance steps. "If the fish gets to you, you let him go. If he just dogs it, you let him go. But if he's really good, I mean if he *swells* comes close to having you whipped, you always keep him. It doesn't make sense, but then neither does fishing, I guess."

Farther down the Sierpe, as the river widened, we passed villages where the children ran out to body-surf on the wakes of our outboard motors. Back in the mangrove swamps, Tacos in dugout canoes were stripping the blood-red bark to use as dye for their leathers work. Here we tried *pargo*, the deep-fighting snappers that can weigh in at 50 pounds, though the average is about seven. Thornhill hooked a 10-pounder that put on a demonstration of what current and courage can make of a fish. His light line was not enough to hose the fish away from the bottom, and the boat drifted downstream as the pargo dived for the sunken logs that spelled refuge. Only after a quarter hour of whooping and cursing, changing of position in the boats and high revs on the motor did we finally bring him to gaff.

Our solitary snook, an infantile two-pounder, was a lot more active on the surface. He jumped, he ran, he tried to dive under the boat in a manner creditable to his race—but only half as much fun. Land of the Dwarfs, who muff. "But imagine what a 50-pound snook would be like in these close waters," said Thornhill. Imagination is not enough.

Running from the estuary into the sea, through a roller-coaster surf that slammed the boats around as if they were beachmark canoes, we troiled our way up the Isla Violin. Fang-sharp islets wreathed with frigate birds surround-

ed the musical island. We took a few sierra and a jack crevalle, then headed down the coast for roosterfish. "That's Drake's Bay," said Thornhill, pointing out a white crescent fringed with coconut palms and studded with a few huts. "The old pirate used to be up here, waiting to intercept the plate fleets coasting down from Mexico. It's all changed now. There's a kid named Jell who lives just a way down the coast, a Vietnam veteran who is trying to develop a little *finca* there. He grows *platanos*, those plantains that were the ancestor of United Fruit's Chiquita. He wants to get the income of the farm up to \$100 a month, but right now he's only reached \$50. I don't think he'll make it. Lives there alone, with just his surfboard for company. He swims out and rides the surf whenever the *platanos* can take care of themselves. He's a long-haired kid, but I guess Drake had long hair too. I wonder what they'd talk about if they could get together?"

Then the roosters hit, thick and fast. Their long black combs flashed above the water as they struck, their black and green stripes vaulted through the sunlight as they jumped, then faded to trackless gray as they died in the stern sheets. We cast to them with light line and had more fun than could be enjoyed with anything short of dolphin or sailfish. The roosterfish is a remote member of the *Carangidae*, that family of fish that includes the jack crevalle and the permit, and is unique to the west coast of the Americas, from Mexico down to Peru. A big rooster will reach 100 pounds and more than five feet in length. They school up in the smaller sizes, which we were catching, and are a lot more acrobatic than the grown-ups.

Running back up the Sierpe that evening, the two boats deep with fish, it hardly seemed to matter that Costa Rica was the land of bananas and dwarfs, or that the Costans had grown a hot Rica with our patronage. The lemon light of sunset made the trees seem dense as coal. The surges of fish on the flat water might well have been those giant snook we had missed in the bright light of midday. Swarms of gnats scattered against our faces, but there were the darling hats—good old *marrigons*!—picking them off gracefully. A caiman slipped off the mudbank as we neared home, and where else can you see that?

We had grown Rich as well. **END**

••Afternoon Off••



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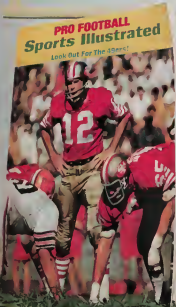
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE MAKING OF A PITCHER

Sirs:

This Met fan congratulates you for your excellent article on the abilities of our Tom Seaver (*Tom Terrific and His Mystic Tailor*, July 24). The crisp, lucid style of writing, the fine balance of the poetic and the analytic provide a perfect mirror of Seaver in his best form.

So much has been written about the Mets' main man that is just a rehash of old stuff that Pat Jordan's late article comes through as a clear, new voice in the journalistic wilderness.

KATHERINE BRUNSH

Malverne, N.Y.

Sirs:

Congratulations on an interesting article. But are you sure you are not confusing mystic talent with mystic linguistics?

Pat Jordan refers to the records of Grover Cleveland Alexander, Sandy Koufax, Bob Gibson and Warren Spahn, all obviously late starters, when comparing Tom Seaver's 95 victories before the age of 27. He then conveniently swings his journalistic pendulum to the "first five full seasons" to compare Seaver with Walter Johnson.

Putting them in proper perspective, Johnson, who started pitching in the majors at 19, had won 174 games, 79 more than Tom, before he reached the age of 27. Alexander, who didn't pitch in the majors until age 24, won 128 games in his first five full seasons of play.

By stating that Alexander had won only 70 games by his 27th birthday, Mr. Jordan denies the reader knowledge that Alexander had actually won those 70 games in his first three seasons. Could this omission constitute a journalistic balk?

Seaver did establish a one-game superiority over rookie Burt (No-Hit) Hooton, but Mr. Jordan fails to even acknowledge the existence of Hooton's teammate, Fergie Jenkins (five 20-victory seasons in a row), who, though just one year older than Seaver, actually totaled 167 victories during those same five seasons ending in '71, 12 more than Tom.

GREG SPALDING

Peoria, Ill.

Sirs:

Tom Terrific has a new fan. Seaver defies the old adage of all beaver and no beam. I admire athletes with exceptional talent, but those with his character are indeed exceptional. Reaching personal goals, fulfilling one's potential, cultivating the aspects of one's talent are only a few of the characteristics that make Seaver the man he is.

Thanks to SI and Pat Jordan for explain-

ing Tom Seaver's dedication to himself and to his profession.

E. DARLENE WALDRON

Madison, Tenn.

Sirs:

The article by Pat Jordan is one of the most interesting and helpful stories I have ever read in SI. I suggest that you make it available as a reprint and get it into the hands of as many young athletes as possible. Tom Seaver's philosophy could be profitable to many of us—young or old.

NORMAN L. MACDONALD

Dunedin, Fla.

LEE'S TURN

Sirs:

What a disappointment! How could you put anyone but Tremendous Trevino on your July 24 cover? And that Nicklaus-slanted article (*Slamming the Door on Jack*)—now! Go get 'em, Lee.

SEYMOUR KATINSKI, D.D.S.

Warminster, Pa.

Sirs:

I am disappointed in the way SI claimed Lee Trevino had a "lucky win." I consider Mr. Trevino one of the top golfers—if not the top golfer—in the world. If Jack Nicklaus had come back six strokes and won, would it have been a "miracle win" or a superb game of golf?

ANTHONY SANDRIPPO

Longview, Texas

Sirs:

My congratulations to Dan Jenkins on a great article about Lee Trevino's British Open victory. I pay tribute to Super Mex, who managed to survive Jack Nicklaus' powerful charge. Even though I'm a Trevino fan, I also pay tribute to Nicklaus, who came over so close after shaving six strokes off par before bogeying 16.

ROBERT PRODANOVIC

Austin, Texas

Sirs:

Re Dan Jenkins' remark about "the awkward, silly, faraway sound of bagpipes," I am sure he did not make that comment in Scotland. If he had, the littlest man in all of Scotland would have stuffed him in a baggie and fed him to the Loch Ness Monster!

ROBERT FRASER

Spokane

CHESS WIZARDRY

Sirs:

Being fans of Bobby Fischer and avid fans of championship chess, we found Roy Blount's article (*Born in Wonderland*, July

24) quite annoying. He is so quick to criticize things that he really does not understand. Fischer's actions are part of his plan to outwit Spassky. It is also evident that these actions are as much a part of his game as his use of the Nimzo-Indian or Sicilian defense. Chess is Fischer's whole life. Let him live and play in his own manner.

JOHN STEELE

DOUG STEELE

MARK STEELE

Cherry Hill, N.J.

Sirs:

What is this match for? The entertainment of the public or to establish the world chess champion? I agree Bobby Fischer should have thought over the consequences of selling the camera rights beforehand, but it is his privilege to have the cameras removed. Instead of condemning Fischer, let's praise him for his wizardry at chess. If I were competing for the world title I would demand perfect conditions. Wouldn't you?

BEN MCNEITT

Leawood, Kans.

Sirs:

Ask ballplayers about the conditions of the parks they perform in, or boxers about some of the rings they have fought in. Consider the warped floors basketball players have to contend with, or the gravel pit football stars put up with, or the cow pastures golfers are required to chip and putt on. Any athlete who is paid for a performance should have one thing in mind, and that is to play to his utmost ability to please the spectators who support the game. Winning isn't everything, as proven by the composure and poise of Jack Nicklaus at Muirfield.

My advice to Bobby Fischer is twofold: he should either enter the field of opera or write a book entitled *How To Be the No. 1 Crybaby*.

WILLIAM D. SHEDUCKE

Indianapolis

Sirs:

Roy Blount Jr. has written a fine and well considered article on the game of chess, and I applaud his literary accomplishment. However, I must disagree with his statement that Bobby Fischer is at his best in a back-room situation. Bobby showed that he can win in the larger arena by taking the fifth game in 27 moves and evening the series at 2½ points each. I am sure that Bobby will continue to perform well whenever he plays, and that he will end the Soviet Union's chess dominance by returning with the world championship.

JEFF HALL

Manhattan, Kans.

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DOWN FROM OLYMPUS

Sirs:

William Johnson put together quite an article (*Defender of the Faith*, July 24). Avery Brundage is indeed a very difficult man to classify.

I found myself not only enlightened but also appalled over the makeup of the IOC. Speaking only in the realm of track and field, I do not understand how most of those individuals can relate to or empathize with the life-style and motivations of today's "amateur" athlete. It is easy for Mr. Brundage to stand by the precepts of the Olympic movement when he has \$25 million in the bank.

My hope is that more publications will explore the phenomenon of the IOC and, in so doing, generate some changes from within. We need people who can identify with the "poor folks."

LEE FERRERO

Wood, Calif.

Sirs:

The most thought-provoking point in your series of articles on the Olympic Games was Mr. Brundage's definition of sport as play: "Sport is a pastime and a diversion . . . op-

posed to work—free, spontaneous, joyous—for recreation."

Mr. Brundage has brought into focus a fundamental difficulty in keeping the Olympics closed to professionals. To win a gold medal in the Olympics today, a competitor must devote his life to the development of his talent. Even if the competitor considers his preparation a joy, such total dedication is more than mere recreation. It is work, not sport. Keeping the Olympics closed to professionals may be desirable, but it is hardly conceivable.

EDD WHEELER

Wadesboro, N.C.

Sirs:

So Jim Kilroy says we had the "right people" talking to the IOC. From the results, we obviously did not. Perhaps one of the reasons for Los Angeles' defeat in its bid to host the 1976 Games is the air of pompous superiority Kilroy conveys in his remarks. Jesse Owens "can't sit down . . . and talk with the kind of men who are on the IOC . . . We had blacks on our committee, and we were going to let them speak. We had an Administration man, and he was going to talk about Kent State."

Jim Kilroy comes across as being much stuffer and more self-righteous than Avery Brundage.

KEN HUGGINS

Amerst, Mass.

BY THE BOOK

Sirs:

I was very disappointed to read Tex Maule's article concerning the attempt to sell the Los Angeles Rams' playbook to Saint Coach J. D. Roberts (*Would You Buy a Used Playbook from This Man?* July 24). Apparently Tex Maule and Paul Brown feel that it would be better to forgive and forget, without letting the NFL front office know, rather than to follow the course of action taken by Roberts.

The criticism of the New Orleans Saints for contacting the FBI is uncalled for. Roberts did not call the FBI, he called the NFL front office. So, in all probability, Pete Rozelle was the one who had the final say so far as contacting the FBI was concerned.

In my opinion, Pete Rozelle has done more to uphold the dignity of professional football in the last 10 years than 10 Paul Browns. How could the integrity of the game be upheld in full view of millions of fans—

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19TH HOLE continued

including very impressionable youngsters—if a matter such as the illegal selling of a playbook were brushed under a rug? I think Pete Rozelle and the NFL had adequate reason to call in the FBI. The exposure which professional football is subject to warrants the strict policing of the sport.

ROBERT M. CHINEROS JR.

New Orleans

Sir:

Why make a federal case over Quarterback Karl Sweetan's attempted sale of a playbook to Saint Head Coach J. D. Roberts? Because that's the way it should be!

If a pro football team's playbook is so insignificant, why compose one? Why fine a rookie \$500 or \$1,000 if it is lost? Why not exchange playbooks with other clubs? Better yet, print them all in *The Wall Street Journal* each year. Hats off to J. D.

DALE MENARD

New Orleans

Sir:

I do not condone Karl Sweetan's actions, but I do agree with most of the pro catches that the FBI should not have been brought into it. I believe this was strictly a football problem and could have been solved through the disciplinary channels of football.

DAVID L. BRUNA

Irmsrum, The Netherlands

Sir:

The way Karl Sweetan played as a Ram, it's hard to believe he ever had a playbook.

DAVE HOLLINGSWORTH

Marina Del Rey, Calif.

MERCKX'S

Sir:

As an avid bicycle racer and Merckxist, I was delighted to see John Underwood's article (*The Majesty of Monsieur Merckx*, July 24). However, I would like to make a correction. Jacques Anquetil's first Tour de France win came not in 1961 (the beginning of his four-year streak) but in 1957. He therefore still holds the record for most Tour victories (five) and is tied with Merckx for most consecutive wins (four).

HOWARD C. RUNYON

Four Haven, N.J.

Sir:

I nominate Eddy Merckx for Sportsman of the Year. As John Underwood said, his achievement is comparable to Henry Aaron hitting .442.

DAVE BOJARCZUK

Portland, Me.

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